ENGLISH REVIEW

PERIODICAL ROOM
GENERAL LIBRARY
UNIV. OF MICH.

MAY, 1932

NEW EXTRACTS FROM
SAMUEL BUTLER'S NOTEBOOKS

THE GOVERNMENT OF THE EAST
Sir Arnold Wilson

A JOURNEY IN SOVIET RUSSIA
Christopher Fuller

THE LEAGUE AND MANCHURIA
J. O. P. Bland

LITERARY SUPPLEMENT
Edited by Herbert Agar

LITERARY NOTES - - - - - *Herbert Agar*
ALL LENGTH IS TORTURE - - - *Hugh Kingsmill*
THE COMPLETE WHIG - - - *Francis Toye*
THE TWAIN SHALL MEET - - - *Richard Church*

CANADA for Holidays

Before you make your final holiday plans, get a copy of the Canadian Pacific Vacation Programme — a bright new brochure, full of ideas for "out-of-the-ordinary" holidays.

SEVERAL SHORT TOURS

During June, July and August (21-27 days). Visiting Quebec, Montreal, Ottawa, Toronto, Niagara Falls and New York. Atlantic crossing by famous Canadian Pacific ships by the Short Sea Route, with thousand miles cruise through the picturesque St. Lawrence Seaway. New reduced fares.

"ACROSS CANADA" TOUR

Right across Canada from Atlantic to Pacific, visiting all important cities and most famous beauty spots including Niagara Falls, the Great Lakes, The Rockies, Banff, the Great Divide, Vancouver, Victoria, etc. The most attractive Dominion Tour ever offered.

From Liverpool August 5. New reduced fare.

Write for "Tours in Canada" Booklet to :—
S. F. SWAIN, General Passenger Agent,

CANADIAN PACIFIC

World's Greatest Travel System

62-65, CHARING CROSS, LONDON, S.W.1,
103, LEADENHALL STREET, LONDON, E.C.3,
or Local Agents Everywhere.

THE ENGLISH REVIEW

MAY 1932

Current Comments

First Thoughts on the Budget.

MR. NEVILLE CHAMBERLAIN'S first budget is not an inspired performance, but perhaps it is none the worse for that. It is supremely honest, and as bad an electioneering budget as could be planned. This is all to the good. There are no flashy devices for snapping up non-recurrent trifles with a view to delusive reductions of taxation. Above all, there are no grandiose schemes for fresh expenditure. Whether the budget will balance is another matter. The anticipated revenue from stamp duties and death duties is a gamble in futures; without a revival in trade and a substantial increase in the value of equities, neither estimate is likely to be realized. Over the whole budget, moreover, is the shadow of our interest payments due on the American debt, and there is no provision for departmental supplementary estimates, some of which are inevitable. The " concealed reserves " are, on the other hand, larger than usual. The increased yield from stamp duties is not likely to be greater than is allowed for, and a higher yield from the revenue tariff would be a doubtful blessing. Cheaper money is, however, a very important card up the Chancellor's sleeve.

Downing Street and Threadneedle Street.

THE budget gives the lie to those who decry the honesty of the present Government, but it gives a long handle to those who doubt their ability to unite on an effective policy. The key to the position lies not in Downing Street but in Threadneedle Street. Whether we can stand budgets of this size indefinitely depends entirely on our monetary policy. The alternative to a drastic

increase in the sterling price level is a further reduction in expenditure of not less than £150,000,000. Everybody inside and outside the Government who knows anything knows this; talk of restoring the "cuts," reducing the income tax and reducing the duties on beer, spirits, and entertainments, is so much moonshine, unless it is accompanied by a ruthless determination to reverse the monetary policy of the last few years. The Government still remains faced with the dilemma on which the last administration broke up. It has only appeared to escape the dilemma by accepting a measure of devaluation and putting the blame, quite rightly in one sense, on its predecessors. But if it is not prepared to do anything to reverse the policy of its predecessors, the dilemma remains. By devaluation, and a measure of economy, the flight from the £ sterling has been arrested, but the decrease in invisible exports continues, and of trade revival there are few signs. Nor will there be so long as expenditure continues at a figure which represents at the present price level an unsupportable burden.

The Menace of the Drain of Capital.

MR. CHAMBERLAIN takes credit for ceasing to meet current expenditure out of borrowing, but he is meeting an immense proportion of his expenditure directly out of a forced levy on capital, and actually professes himself disappointed that an even higher proportion was not so met. It is as imperative to establish the principle that death duties shall be used only to redeem debt as to cease to borrow to meet current needs. Once this principle is established, we shall see how far, even on the present basis of taxation, we are from meeting our annual disbursements out of income. Another essential of sound finance is to pay to the local authorities that proportion of the taxation on motor-cars and petrol which is required to meet the cost of roads and traffic control services. At present what the motorist pays for his roads and traffic control is spent by the Government on other services,

and the motorist in return is subsidized by the ratepayers, of whom the hardest hit are the railway companies and the heavy industries. The Exchequer, in other words, is getting from this source a large concealed subsidy from the rates.

The Need for a Policy.

THERE is this much to be said for the Budget, that the Chancellor indulged in no prosperity-mongering. He had nothing cheerful to say: we can at least place it to his credit that in the circumstances he said nothing. But the Government must realize that a negative policy can by no conceivable chance restore our industry, our commerce, and our shipping. For this a long-term policy of positive effort directed to a definite and clearly determined end is necessary. Of such a policy there is no sign, beyond half-hearted dabble in Protection, largely negatived by a rise in the gold value of sterling, a rise which is likely to continue—indeed, must inevitably continue—if the United States adopt a policy of credit expansion leading to a heavy rise in gold prices while we continue as we are with a purely negative policy. That it is the United States' policy to restore the dollar-sterling parity by one means or another cannot be doubted. What the attitude of the Bank of England and of the joint-stock banks will be in face of such a policy is unknown—nor must it be assumed that these two powers behind the Throne are in agreement. All that is clear is that Mr. Mellon holds the trump card—creditors usually do—and our experience of Mr. MacDonald and Mr. Baldwin as negotiators gives no ground for optimism.

Sir Basil Blackett's Candidature.

IN view of the overriding importance of the Bank of England's policy in these difficult times, it is more than unfortunate that an atmosphere of intrigue and confusion of thought should surround Sir Basil Blackett's candidature for Marylebone.

It is ridiculous to suggest that the House of Commons needs Sir Basil Blackett. He is a very distinguished public servant, and a Director of the Bank of England, but his advice in either capacity is always open to the Government of the day, and the only way to render it impossible for the Government to accept it is to leave him to offer it across the floor of the House of Commons. The House is not a committee of experts. Were it to become so, our constitutional practice would have to be entirely revised, and the experts would have to be selected by representative bodies, not by geographical constituencies controlled by backstairs intrigues. Sir Rennell Rodd was a very distinguished diplomatist, but his presence in the House never deflected the foreign policy of H.M. Government by a hairbreadth. It is not technical criticism which the Government requires from private Members of Parliament, but informed *political* criticism from men with political training and a politician's knowledge of the public temper. Governments have their own expert advisers and must either be guided by their advice or change their advisers. Sir Basil Blackett may well be elected, and may become an admirable Member of Parliament, but that would not be because he is a Bank of England director, but because he turns out to possess quite a different set of qualities which so far we have to take on trust.

Finance and Government.

ANOTHER objection, not to Sir Basil Blackett's candidature, which is a matter solely for the electors of Marylebone to pass judgment on, but to the arguments used in support of it, concerns the nature of the relations between finance and government. Financial policy cannot and must not be allowed to become a matter for experts. There is nothing more technical in finance than in naval or military strategy, the administration of justice, the conduct of diplomacy, or the care of public health. In all these matters there are questions

of means, on which the expert has the last word, and questions of ends which are exclusively political. The predominant issue to-day is between inflation, deflation, and stabilization. The arguments for these three courses are concerned exclusively with political issues. Any senior official at the Treasury can tell the Government what will be the results, in the technical sphere, of the different policies, and how to carry out each policy with the least dislocation of industry and credit. But the vital questions concern matters which are not in the remotest degree technical. Hundreds of adults of average intelligence can understand the issues involved. The only people likely to be unable to see the wood for the trees are bankers who have immense material interests at stake and particularly heavy responsibilities to their depositors and shareholders. So far from being wise, it is supremely unreasonable to place on the banks the responsibility for what is, in every sense of the term, a national matter only fittingly determined by a National Government.

The Disarmament Proposals.

EACH of the Powers has now tabled at Geneva its proposals for disarmament, and, as was to be expected, the latter provide for the abolition of those particular weapons in which the neighbours of the individual Power concerned are strongest, and in which it is itself weakest. For example, the French desire the disappearance of the type of bombing plane of which the Italians possess so many, while we should like to see the abolition of the submarine, which is essentially the weapon of those who are weak at sea.

This principle is, of course, at the root of Mr. Stimson's programme, but the latter would also have the effect, indirectly if not directly, of nullifying the Treaty of Versailles. By that document, it will be remembered, Germany was not allowed to possess tanks, heavy artillery, or an air force, and these are the very weapons of

which the United States would prohibit the use to all Powers. The French were not slow to appreciate this fact, and the German support of Mr. Stimson confirmed them in their opposition to the latter's scheme. All parties in the Reich are agreed that Germany cannot consent to any plan which leaves the compulsory disarmament clauses in the Treaty of Versailles intact, so that it was at once clear to the French that the result of the policy of the United States must be to further the end which Germany has in view.

Back to the Treaties.

IN short, the Disarmament Conference is back upon the rock on which nearly every conference since the war has come to grief, namely, the question of the revision of the Peace Treaties. It is not true to say that they are the primary cause of Europe's troubles to-day, for that cause is an over-dose of democracy, but they do stand in the way of a permanent settlement; or rather the failure of the Powers to make up their minds on the subject of the Peace Treaties stands in the way of a permanent settlement.

The French want to preserve the existing order intact, and the Germans to destroy it altogether : between these two extreme views come the Italians and ourselves, who would like it modified, provided this could be done without too much fuss, and without involving any sacrifice. Of the smaller Powers, those who were defeated in the war want to regain what they lost, and those who were victorious want to retain what they acquired. In these circumstances, it is not easy to see how any agreement worth the name can be reached on disarmament or anything else.

Is there a Solution?

IT is thus clearly high time that the question of the Treaties was faced, or otherwise Europe will slowly relapse into chaos, or another war, which would be much the

same thing. Such being the case, it is surely for those who desire to change the *status quo* to make the first move, and to put forward concrete suggestions of definite alterations which they wish to see effected.

At the same time, it is useless to suppose that one side will do all the giving, while the other does all the taking. If, for example, Germany wishes in the matter of armaments to be placed upon the same footing as France, then in return she must be prepared to guarantee the existing German-Polish frontier for a fixed number of years. The inherent weakness of the Treaty of Versailles is that, unlike the Treaties of Utrecht and Vienna, it was imposed rather than negotiated, but if it is to be revised, as seems inevitable, then an excellent opportunity will occur for the remedying of this defect.

Heading for War?

THE delegates at the Disarmament Conference would therefore do well to realize that unless they can find some way of persuading the defeated Powers to recognize the existing order or a modification of it, they are merely wasting their time at Geneva, and are, in fact, assisting at the preparations for the next war. What the world wants to know is if there is any alternative to force as the means of modifying the treaties, and the time for discovering such an alternative is getting short. The precedent of China is an unhappy one. For thirteen years after the Washington Conference, the signatories stood by while China drifted into chaos, to the grave peril of those Powers with paramount commercial interests in Eastern Asia. In the end the patience of one of those Powers was exhausted, with lamentable results of which the end is not yet. Yet the "Geneva-minded" still appear to think that the problem is to avoid an immediate extension of hostilities rather than to deal effectively with the intolerable situation which led up to them.

The Danubian Fiasco.

EVEN in an age which has learnt by bitter experience to expect little of international conferences there has not hitherto been such a complete fiasco as the Danubian Conference of last month. It met on a Wednesday, by Thursday there was a deadlock, and when Friday arrived it was dead, and now its putrefying corpse is fouling the whole atmosphere of Europe. A conference that fails does not leave the problem which it met to discuss in the position in which it was before, but a great deal worse, for hopes have been raised in one quarter and fears aroused in another, by the very fact of its meeting, and they cannot easily be allayed. So it has been with this latest conference, and there can be little doubt but that the prospects of a Franco-Italian *rapprochement*, to which allusion was made in the last number of this REVIEW, are far less promising than they were a month ago, while the differences between Paris and Berlin have been accentuated to such an extent as quite possibly to imperil the discussions which are shortly to take place at Lausanne on the subject of Reparations.

The Merits of Delay.

THE reason for the failure is not, of course, far to seek, for it lies in the total lack of all preparation. It has become almost an axiom with the modern politician that once you get a number of people, however opposite their points of view, to sit round a table, they must agree, and no amount of lessons to the contrary appears to weaken this belief. It was quite clear to every student of international affairs that the governments at London, Paris, Rome, and Berlin were not agreed even upon the broadest outlines so far as the future of the Succession States was concerned, and to hold a conference in these circumstances was to court failure at the start.

Why the Conference Met.

WHY, then, was the conference summoned at all? The answer is to be found in a consideration of the

internal situation of more than one of the Powers concerned. M. Tardieu, faced with an immediate General Election, wished for an outstanding success, and it was to suit his electoral convenience that the conference was called. Mr. MacDonald can never turn a deaf ear to any suggestion that involves sitting round a table, while once France and Great Britain had made up their minds to hold a conference, Italy and Germany could not afford to stand aside, and so the ill-omened meeting took place.

Germany's Tit-for-tat.

HAD the French plan for an economic federation of the Danubian States been adopted the *Anschluss* would have been killed, so the German representatives, with the shadow of Hitler over them, met M. Tardieu with a blank refusal, and so were able to give Paris tit-for-tat for the opposition of France to the proposed Austro-German Customs Union last year. Italy threw in her lot with Germany, partly because she feared that the new grouping of States would simply be Austria-Hungary over again, only run from Paris, and partly because she wished to give France a rap over the knuckles for having tried to obtain British consent to a naval disarmament proposal behind her back. As for Mr. MacDonald, who fancied himself so much in the part of the honest broker, he found not only that there was nothing for him to broke, but that he had placed himself in the unenviable position of a British Prime Minister who had presided over an abortive international conference in the British capital. There was a time when ministers resigned for such mistakes as this, but not since the advent of democracy.

Meanwhile, the Fascist Grand Council has set the world an example by passing a resolution that there are far too many conferences, and that peace would be a good deal more secure if there were fewer of them. An excellent sentiment, but it is to be feared a counsel of perfection in these days of peripatetic statesmen.

The New English Weekly.

WE welcome the return, under a new name, of *The New Age*. It is pleasing to see how, with the innate Conservatism of our race, the new age of 1911 is still new—in 1932—even if no longer so ambitious as to aim at creating an epoch. We shall disagree strongly—we are tempted to do so already—with Mr. Orage's undaunted Utopianism. But we shall continue to respect his editorship. Readers of *The New English Weekly* will inevitably read much that they will dislike, and a good deal that they ought to dislike, but they will never read *mere* rubbish, and will seldom read rubbish. This is to say that *The New English Weekly* will probably become what *The New Age* was—the most intelligent, the most obstinate, the most incurably conceited and not the least amusing of its contemporaries. *Prosit.*

DOUGLAS JERROLD.
CHARLES PETRIE.

Constitutional Tendencies in Eastern Countries

By Sir Arnold Wilson

[*The following article is in substance the text of an address given by Sir Arnold Wilson to the members of the Royal Institute of International Affairs, of which he is a Member of Council, at a General Meeting, with Lord Lloyd in the chair, on February 8 last. The Editorial Board have, however, declined to publish it in the Journal of the Institute.*—D. J.]

Let me urge that we keep clear of two besetting sins—hardness of heart and softness of head.—THEODORE ROOSEVELT.

THE small groups of highly-competent men who to-day direct the destinies of Asiatic peoples probably devote more attention to what is going on in Europe and Russia than their *vis-à-vis* in Europe devote to the affairs of Asia. Moreover, if we exclude those parts of Asia under direct British rule or influence, we shall find that French is more widely read than English, and in consequence events in Europe tend to be viewed, especially in the Middle East, through French spectacles. The mother of most Asiatic parliaments lives not in Westminster, but in Paris; the children, however, take after the fathers, who spring from the soil of the nation concerned; and their mothers would scarcely recognize them.

French policy, moreover, is usually more easily intelligible than is, for example, that of Great Britain; the peroration of a French statesman is generally an appeal to reason—and the interests of France, of an English statesman an appeal to reason—and to those altruistic principles of high morality to which we are wont to appeal in support of a policy dictated, perhaps subconsciously, by considerations of expediency.

Asiatic statesmen are prone, like most of us, to imitate and to adapt, rather than to originate. Several eastern

countries adopted, a generation ago, legal codes and constitutions copied almost word for word from those of France or Belgium. Finding that their constitutions were working badly, and seeing no light in Europe, they are tending to abandon the constitutional conventions of the nineteenth century in favour of familiar autocratic or oligarchical systems supported by the forces of eastern tradition, of religion and of human nature—a powerful trio.

Before entering upon the subject of constitutional tendencies in Asia, therefore, I will attempt, in a few sentences, to suggest how an Asiatic statesman might summarize constitutional developments in the West.

He would observe that the constitution of the U.S.A. —as to some extent that of Japan—does not admit the doctrine of executive responsibility to the Legislature, though the treaty-making power of the Senate withholds an effective power of attorney from the President and every American diplomat. Germany, on the other hand, has made provision for the election of the head of the State by universal suffrage. Yet he would note that a numerous body of Germans favours a dictatorship, a form of government long in vogue in Soviet Russia and in Italy, where the official ideal is that of an economically organized corporative State, in which the political status of the individual, indeed, his very existence, is subordinated to the supposed economic needs of the community. He would remark that alike in Germany, Russia, and Italy the support of men of science is sought and in large measure obtained by governments, and scientific opinion is, at all events in theory, given greater weight than in the U.S.A. or this country. Yet our eastern observer will note that it is for intellectual critics that Communists, Fascists, and Herr Hitler alike reserve the fiercest fires of their wrath, and not without reason, for the true scientist's approach to such systems of government is, in general, that of Professor Einstein—

A dictatorship means muzzles all round, and consequently

stultification. Science can flourish only in an atmosphere of free speech.

Our imaginary statesman would scarcely fail to note (as, indeed, a distinguished oriental scholar observed in conversation with me very recently) that professors and "thinkers"—a term usually applied to each other by eminent journalists with international leanings (a type which does not exist in Asia—which is the poorer in consequence)—have much more to say in England than in any other country in Europe. The air in this country, he observed, is literally filled with "advanced" opinions expressed, with rare exceptions, not by the chosen representatives of the people, nor by those who direct its commerce, its shipping or its industries, still less by high officials or even by men of distinction who have recently retired from such activities,* but by professors whose salaries are provided by public endowments, and by men of letters and journalists whose parish is the world, rather than England. Yet in no country are empirical methods more in favour and nowhere does an appeal to first principles find a less ready response. My friend noted that in almost no other country in Europe are professors free to give publicity to their views; for in almost every other country they are State officials. "There is," he wrote to me, "too much academic and irresponsible theorizing divorced from action in England, too much action without regard to theory or principle in Asiatic countries." "Not for the first time," he added, "do I ponder on what seems to me the naïve simplicity of the academic mind in its criticism of the mainsprings of human activity and of men of action, and books of this kind make me wonder if I have lost much by acquiring my knowledge of men in the market place and not from books or professors. Never having administered anyone except a few wage-earners anxious to keep their jobs, such men appear to believe that a commanding use of

* Such an exception is Sir Arthur Salter, whose work "Recovery," in which theory and practical experience are wisely blended, is of first-rate importance.

words is a good substitute for knowledge of men and good judgment."

My friend was struck by the paradox—as he felt it—that there is a large and vocal body of such men in this country who encourage a regimentation of opinion, and favour a vast extension of the industrial activities of the State, in the belief that it will bring in its train "efficiency." They talk of men and women as cogs in a great machine, and in ignorance (almost without exception) of the workings and limitations either of a great business concern or a government office, seek to apply to the latter the methods which they fondly imagine to be successful in the former. Conscious, perhaps, of their own inadequacy, they conceive of society as a machine or at most as a herd. They demand a man, not a machine, to direct it, but still proclaim their belief in universal suffrage.

Such men and women, distrustful of their contemporaries, doubtful of the constructive abilities of private individuals, but confident in the superhuman power of the same persons, when invested with the heavy mantle of office, press for action by the State in ever wider spheres, whilst simultaneously proclaiming their mistrust in the wisdom of any particular government. Never having managed or helped to manage anything bigger than a college themselves, they have a passionate belief in the virtues of "disinterested" management, whether of public-houses, public utilities, international finance, or international commerce, yet look confidently to men who have been trained on diametrically opposite lines to work such organizations when created.

Observing this, and much else, our eastern observer, abandoning with relief the practice of binocular vision and the exhausting pursuit of the highest good, returns to Paris, there to seek inspiration for the solution of the difficulties of his own nation in policies of intelligently selfish opportunism so assiduously urged in the language he knows best. And this is not the only attraction that Paris offers.

Though we may not agree, we cannot but sympathize with him, for the problems with which Asiatic statesmen are confronted are not less complicated than our own. Except in Japan, which is *sui generis*, stability is generally lacking, for the legend of the Unchanging East is a fable which has no foundation in history. The record of Asia from the earliest times is a story of cataclysmic changes and of violent vicissitudes which have no parallel even in Europe, for the Easterner has in general far more "will to power" than the Westerner. This is because he is not troubled by humanitarian conceptions nor, in general, by the long-established polite conventions of organized society, and he knows that a man seldom enjoys wealth for long unless he can keep it by his wits or by the exercise of force. It is not to be supposed that the changes we now see going on before our eyes differ in depth and extent from those of previous ages.

What differentiates the typical "Western" from the typical "Eastern" form of government? The question is not easy to answer, for the diversified forms of administration under either head have nothing in common with each other, and I can discern no uniform tendencies either in Europe or Asia. Some forms of governments are parliamentary, others are dictatorships; some are republican, others monarchical. All European parliamentary governments have, however, an executive removable by the legislature, whilst, for practical purposes, in none of the eastern forms of government is the executive removable by the elected chamber. To this extent "Eastern" forms differ vitally, at the moment, from those of the West, though the tendency of Western governments is to make the executive less rather than more dependent on the elected chamber. The "National Government" now in office in this country is a case in point; it marks an important, if quite involuntary, stage in the development of an executive responsible to the King and to the country at large, rather than to the House of Commons. This is no new thing in the East,

for Asiatic peoples have in the past contrived very generally to combine their own brands of democracy with autocratic or oligarchical systems of government which, indeed, involve many forms of selective representation, but never on an elective basis. The outstanding feature of the policies of every Asiatic country in the last twenty years has been the failure of electoral institutions to take root.

Let us begin with Turkey, which, thanks to Midhat Pasha, received its first constitution in 1876 from Abdul Hamid, four months after his accession; it included a Senate appointed for life and an elected Chamber of Deputies. It was received without enthusiasm and lasted for but a few months.

In 1908, as an outcome of a revolution promoted by the Young Turk party, the Chamber was restored, and within a few months fell into their control, with the result that Turkey was, till the outbreak of war in 1914, in the words of Professor Toynbee, "under the oligarchical dominion of the very party which had promised a democratic administration." Ministers were not infrequently murdered. The quarrels of political parties, dominated mainly by personal ambitions, but also by irreconcilable aims, based upon the existence within the Turkish Empire of several different nationalities, and of communities with divergent and contradictory interests, prevented movement in any particular direction. One tendency neutralized another; foreign diplomatic interests were powerful, and cancelled each other. The Empire was held together in spite of many fissiparous tendencies by external pressure and by the fact that no continuous movement in any direction was possible for long.

In 1923 the present constitution was born; it gives absolute power to the President of the Republic, who is president of the Chamber of Deputies, and of the People's party, and presides if he so wishes over the Cabinet. He is nominally elected for four years, but is in practice permanent. Deputies are chosen from a list approved

by the President; there is no parliamentary opposition because none is permitted to exist. The present head of the State, violent, ruthless, cruel, and strong, is a very able man and an outstanding figure in Asia.

If progress be defined as movement in a single direction, it has been facilitated by these developments, and the present system seems well suited to the natural idiosyncrasies of the Turkish race.

Persia was endowed with a constitution, and a parliamentary system, in 1906, after a struggle in which the influence of Great Britain was exercised strongly in favour of the constitutionalists. But the changes then made brought not peace, but anarchy in their train.

From 1907 until 1921 the record of the years is one of civil unrest, and bickerings, of great extravagance. Foreign advisers were invoked, but their efforts were vain. The word " Mashruteh," or constitution, became synonymous in all seriousness on the tongues of men with disorder and rebellion. These years were incontestably the blackest period in the history of Persia for a century. After the war events followed the same course as in Turkey. A military dictator assumed control and in 1925 by constitutional processes ascended the throne. Riza Shah is, in fact, far more than a military dictator; for he has shown rare statesmanship, wisdom, patience and courage, and is assured of a niche in the Temple of Fame. Constitutional forms are still observed; Parliament sits, but only to register the decrees of the Council of Ministers. Candidates for election are virtually selected by the Government, and only men so chosen are elected. There is for practical purposes no opposition; events take their course and when the Council of Ministers finds that mistakes are made, the national policy is changed—and rapidly. The constitution and the Parliament remain as a memorial of past struggles and the latter could, and if need be would, assume for a time a dominant position; but for the practical purposes of daily life it has patriotically effaced itself. Here, again,

recent tendencies seem to me to augur well, on balance, for the future of the Persian nation, which corresponds more nearly than Turkey to Ernest Renan's description.* That is emphatically the view taken by Persians to-day.

Yet in Persia certainly, and perhaps in Turkey, passive acceptance of the principle of dictatorship as an ideal system of government is by no means universal. There are even occasional public references to the transitory character of the system, and to the future restoration of the prestige of Parliament, a body which, it is true, was never worthy of the nation, but whose nominal authority makes more endurable and less perilous the prospect of a never-ending succession of men of superhuman ability. Parliamentary control is, indeed, in abeyance, but the banners of those who fought for it so stoutly hang on the wall, in readiness to be used again if need arise.

I turn now to those parts of Asia over which European nations in varying measure exercise control.

The late Lord Cromer, in his "Ancient and Modern Imperialism," remarks that we and the French are, in Asia, in a real sense the successors of the Romans, in that no nation of Europe in the intervening period has successfully tried to govern and also to administer large Asiatic populations. If, at any period, either during the Republic or the Empire, the question of *Quo vadis* had been propounded to a Roman Imperialist, I do not conceive that he would have found much difficulty in giving an answer.

Virgil gives it through the mouth of Anchises :—

> Tu regere imperis populos Romane memento
> Hac tibi erunt artes; pacisque imponere morem
> Parcere subjectis, et debellare superbos.

* "A nation is a spiritual family, the product of past memories, past sacrifices, past glories, past sorrows and common regrets—of present desires to continue to live as one. What makes a nation is not a common tongue or membership of an ethnographical group, but the achievement of great things in the past, and the desire to achieve them in the future. The nation is a spiritual principle, with its roots deep in history."

In the days of the Republic he would have said that in making conquests his sole aim was the security of his country; at a later stage he would have said that he wished, above all things, to maintain his hold over the provinces—either they were profitable, or because he feared the consequences which might result to the Empire from their abandonment.

In the early days of the Republic, phrases such as "oderint dum metuant"—"let them hate, provided they also fear" expressed the predominant view. Later on a milder tone is apparent, "tantum est hoc regnum, quod regibus imperat ipsis"—"so great is this kingdom, which bears rule even over kings." Towards the end of the third century, the accepted view seems to have been one of humanitarian benevolence. Claudian, for example (*De Consulatu Stilichonis iii*) wrote:—

> There will never be a limit to the empire of Rome. 'Tis she alone who has received the conquered into her bosom and like a mother not an empress, protected the human race with a common name, summoning those whom she has defeated to share her citizenship, and drawing together distant races with bonds of affection. To her rule of peace we owe it that the world is our home, and that we are all one people!

This passage is quoted on the first page of Lord Curzon's first volume of speeches. Yet a very few years later Stilicho was murdered, the Roman Empire came to an end, and many of the Roman provinces were plunged into a state of misery and disorder which has affected the course of their history ever since.

What answer would the modern Imperialist give to the question of *Quo vadis*? I apprehend that the Frenchman, the Russian, the German, or the Italian, if the question were put to any of them, would not be more seriously embarrassed than the ancient Roman to find an answer. Each would reply that his intention was to civilize or even to assimilate his alien subjects, but in no way to relax his hold over them.

The Frenchman would claim that he had succeeded

in a policy of assimilation, so far as it has been attempted, that the process is of necessity slow—that progress must be reckoned in terms of generations, not of years—and that time was on his side. He would, perhaps, develop the view, for which there is much to be said, that the saving evolutionary process of nature consists not in ruthless destructive competition, nor in the replacement of "lower" by "higher" civilizations—imagined by those who from superficial observations picture nature as "red in tooth and claw"—but in the form of symbiosis—of quiet yet definite co-operative exchange. He would, perhaps, contrast the conception of progressive evolution and survival by the contact of two different civilizations, or races, each of which can contribute something of value, with the predatory parasitism which marked the conquest by Spain and Portugal of South and Central America, and elsewhere.

The Russians, after paying lip-service to current dogmas, would in private say that the Union of Soviet Socialist Republics was committed to a policy of assimilation, that in pursuit of that policy they did not hesitate to employ every moral and physical weapon at their disposal and that, for them, symbiosis was already a reality. They would add, with some justification, that the administrative steam-roller they were passing over every State of the Union would within a generation or two do much to enforce a single type, manner and mode of thought, and thus facilitate the assimilation at which they aim.

The Italian, with Libya and Eritrea in his mind, would say that African colonies are of two kinds—those that can be colonized and those that cannot. As to the former, including Libya—they must be made centres of Italian life and culture—as Tunis should have been and may yet become. The natives must accept this goal, or go elsewhere. Arab life, he would perhaps say, is brief, sterile and earthbound; it does not contain seeds of growth; it must disappear, or, at most, be used, as is a

wild plum tree, only to graft thereon a more specialized and useful growth. As to Eritrea, he would say that as it cannot be colonized, it must be well governed, the administration constituting an example of Italian competence and a centre of Italian commerce and culture. We must readily concede that Eritrea fulfils both these functions; the Italian administration in Eritrea enjoys a high reputation on the Red Sea coast to-day.

And the Englishman—the leading Imperialist of the world—what would be his reply? He would be puzzled to give any definite answer, for he has in the past always striven to attain two ideals, which are apt to be mutually destructive: the ideal of good government—the greatest happiness of the greatest number—which connotes the continuance of his own supremacy; and that of self-government, which involves the partial, and eventually the complete, abdication of his position. Moreover, he is dimly aware that an empire must rest on one of two bases, both of which have the sanction of history—an extensive military occupation or the principle of nationality, and he has only recently made up his mind which of the two bases he prefers.

Let us now in the light of these observations consider in turn our own record, and that of the French, in the Succession States of Syria and the Lebanon, Palestine, Iraq, the Hejaz and Najd.

Syria and the Lebanon are under the French mandate. National Assemblies have a juridical existence; they have, in fact, never sat for more than a few days. The country is governed bureaucratically by decrees of the High Commissioner, which have the force of law. The administration can scarcely be regarded as representative, for the consent of the governed is notably absent, and the educated minority is definitely hostile—a circumstance which in the long run is likely to prove fatal. But the present system has endured for a decade, and in any new form of government that the French may have in view the place of a National Assembly in the domain

of government is likely to be small. The recent elections involved much bloodshed and loss of life and property.

In Palestine the position is much the same; no National Assembly has ever been convened, because communal difficulties are such that it would certainly lead to administrative chaos followed by widespread disorder. I need not go into details; the facts are public property.

Trans-Jordan, east of Palestine, is ruled by an Emir, but there is no National Assembly. The controlling authority of the High Commissioner and the presence of British troops is a necessary condition of government. The consent of the governed, here and in Palestine, is lacking; the minorities, in Palestine and Trans-Jordan, rely on the mandatory power to save them from extinction.

In all these regions the units of government to-day have been fixed by political rather than economic or racial considerations, and their prospects of permanence are correspondingly impaired.

In the Hejaz and Najd autocracy is supreme, and effective. A constituent assembly placed the monarch on his throne—an army keeps him there. His regime will last as long as he lives; after that anything may happen. But there is progress—as I have defined it—in his territory such as has not been seen before and which in some respects has no parallel in the Middle East.

Iraq owes the existence of its Parliament solely to us. It has been in existence for ten years; the best that can be said of it to-day is that it has ceased to impede, or to help, the executive. Cultural and religious minorities, who are numerically a majority of the total population, are very inadequately represented. The complacency of members of Parliament, who are paid, has hitherto been ensured by special devices which I need not detail. The electorate as a whole is cynical and aloof. The dominant element in the State is Syrian.

Let us now turn back for a moment to the *African*

littoral of the Mediterranean—Algeria, Morocco, and Tunis. Here are great Muslim countries, with an ancient civilization, and governmental institutions, which have stood the test of time. They are governed by French officials. Algeria is an integral part of the Republic, with nominal representation in the Chamber of Deputies; all imports from France into Algeria are free—those from other countries very heavily taxed. Exports are treated likewise. Representative institutions, indeed, exist, but their scope is severely restricted and the number of days during which they are allowed to sit is limited by law. Electoral institutions are virtually unknown in Algeria, Morocco and Tunis; the system is, generally speaking, one of nomination by public bodies, and of bureaucratic government. In no eastern countries has there been, since the war, less sedition, privy conspiracy, and rebellion than in those controlled by France, constituting an empire second in size only to the British Empire. It may be explained in various ways; I will here only record the bare uncorrelated fact.

The history of democratic institutions *in Egypt* is of special interest, as it follows, in general, much the same lines as that of Turkey, though differing, of course, in details.

Half a century before the British occupation of Egypt, Muhammad Ali replaced the Ottoman system of Islamic law by the Code Napoléon; the practice of autocratic government was unchanged, but the theory and in some respects the practice of administration was modified. In 1903, on British advice, a Legislative Council and General Assembly were created. The former consisted of thirty members, of whom fourteen are elected and sixteen nominated. The latter was an expansion of the Legislative Council, consisting of that body, plus the Ministers of the day, plus forty-six notables. Both bodies were consultative, but no taxes could be imposed without the consent of the General Assembly. It was abolished in December, 1914, and never met again.

In February, 1922, the British Government declared that "the creation of a parliament with a right to control the policy and administration of a constitutionally responsible government was a matter for His Highness and the Egyptian people to determine." It will be observed that here, as elsewhere, we felt it to be our mission —our sacred duty—to encourage, regardless of consequences, the constitutional ideas we inherited from our Whig forbears.

In April, 1923, a new constitution was enacted by Royal Rescript, and elections were held nine months later. It laid down the principle that all powers are held by the nation but administered by the King through Parliament—the Belgian constitution being closely copied. The electoral law promulgated at the time was based on universal male suffrage at the age of twenty-one. It has not worked well, though the King has throughout upheld the constitutional regime and has dispensed with Parliament only on the advice of his Ministers. The electorate has, generally speaking, allowed itself to subserve the views of a caucus.

The political parties have concentrated upon relations between Egypt and Great Britain, to the virtual exclusion of internal questions; the democratic mind is noticeably absent; economic problems have never received serious consideration, and unparliamentary methods have been the rule rather than the exception.

In July, 1928, King Fuad, on the advice of his Prime Minister, dissolved Parliament for three years; in December, 1929, however, for reasons it is not necessary here to discuss, elections were held. The *wafd* secured a great majority, and after much friction Parliament was again prorogued in July, 1930, by Royal decree. Riots took place, but Sidky Pasha, the Prime Minister, stood firm, and procured the publication by Royal Rescript of amendments to the constitution and to the electoral law. The number of senators and deputies was reduced from 132 to 100, and from 235 to 150, respectively, the

age limit for voters put at twenty-five instead of twenty-one, and other important changes were made. Yet all the essentials of parliamentary government were retained, and the new constitution, if more workable, was not less democratic than its predecessor. In May, 1931, elections took place, followed by serious rioting; the constitutional position is still uncertain. Judged by whatever criterion the record of Egypt in the arts of self-government compares unfavourably with that of countries less amply furnished with "democratic" institutions.

British interests have suffered greatly in Egypt; as often as we have turned one cheek, we have been smitten on the other, and kicked as well. Towards French doings in the East, however, the *wafd* has turned a strangely blind eye. When Damascus was laid waste by artillery and thousands of Muslims slain, was any protest made in Egypt or for that matter in any Muslim country? Not a dog barked, not a pane of glass was smashed. Not a Frenchman lost his job, nor French firms a contract. The Suez Canal Company pursues its patriotic and financially remunerative way immune from all criticism; not a single position of importance is filled by Egyptians; even the launch drivers and tug masters are French. What a different story it would be were it a British company! Judged pragmatically, our policy has failed because we have shown vacillation, and have not supported our legitimate interests. We have not inspired respect, we have failed to evoke affection, we have no right to expect gratitude.

Parliamentary institutions in Cyprus have recently achieved momentary notoriety. The genesis of the present discontent dates from 1882, when H.M.'s Government endowed this unfortunate community with a Legislature consisting of nine Greeks, three Muslims, and six nominated officials—an unofficial majority of six. In 1925 the membership was increased to twelve Greeks, three Muslims, and nine officials. But for the power possessed by the Crown to legislate by Order in Council

the system would have long ago broken down. Mr. Nicholson, writing in the "Nineteenth Century" of December, 1931, with much personal experience of the inner working of the system, classifies the twelve Greek members as follows: money-lenders, five; lawyers, five; bishops, one; peasant farmer, one—and he owes his seat to a temporary boycott of the election for tactical reasons.

Industry is wholly unrepresented. The elections are attended by wholesale corruption. As in India, over 80 per cent. of the peasantry are in debt; the Legislature consists of a majority of social parasites who are in a position to compel debtors to vote for them.

What reason have we to prate of liberty when we impose such a system on a peasantry in the name of progress? Another highly competent observer wrote as follows in November last on the subject:—

"Cyprus can do very well for a long period without elections of any description. To British readers this will sound a reactionary sentiment, but in talking to Cypriots, politicians as well as others, one gets a very definite impression that they are conscious that elections have demoralized them. One hears . . . never a word of protest against the dissolution of the Legislative Council. One ex-member of the Council, himself a violent critic of British rule, confided to me his sincere satisfaction that his political career was in al probability now ended for ever.

"The Governor will certainly need a Council to advise him, but if it is obtained by nomination and its proceedings conducted in private, its members will be freer to express their opinions than if they have a susceptible electorate to consider. The change to a nominated Council will also have the effect of barring the clergy from taking part in politics, which is highly desirable.

"The same treatment seems advisable with the local authorities. The mayors and village *mukhtars*, certainly the latter, should be appointed by the Governor. Hitherto their appointment has been practically dependent on the

political bosses, with the result that they could not be relied on to serve the Government faithfully."

Let us now turn to the Far East.

One of the best governed and most prosperous of Eastern States is *Siam*. There are, of course, deep-seated racial divisions: of the ten million inhabitants, one-third are Siamese, one-third aboriginals; the rest are Chinese (half a million), Malays (half a million), Burmese, Annamites and Europeans (2,000). The Government is an absolute monarchy. The executive power is in the hands of the King, advised by the Supreme Council of State, and a Cabinet of ten Ministers. The Supreme Council is an advisory body of five princes of experience and public repute. It meets weekly. The Cabinet is an administrative body. The Legislative Council was established in 1895, but has virtually been abolished. Yet Siam has a record of peaceful progress and prosperity which is without parallel in Asia.

The Dutch East Indies, with a population of sixty millions, have gone the other way. The Volksraad, originally advisory, has become a legislative body with an Asiatic majority, and the future is regarded, in consequence, with great anxiety. The belief, amounting to a conviction, prevails that within a few years the Governor-General will be forced either to accept legislation which will undermine the whole economic structure of the Dutch East Indies, or to reverse the machine and abolish or suspend the Legislative Council. An indigenous monarch can do that—as in Siam—but it is difficult for a European Power. *Vox missa nescit reverti.*

In Ceylon, too, we have been faithful to the old-fashioned conceptions of government which dominated English political thought in the nineteenth century, and have introduced what is virtually adult suffrage. The innovation is too recent for it to be possible to judge of its results, but no one in Ceylon seems to have any confidence in the outcome, and the immediate

consequence has been a clash between the Governor and the Legislature.

Of Malaya it is sufficient to say that there are no electoral institutions and a greater degree of public contentment than anywhere else in Asia under British rule.

In the *Indo-Chinese Union*, with a population of 20 millions, the French have not imitated their Dutch neighbours. The royal authority is a fiction in the four protectorates, but that of the Governor-General is absolute. He is advised by a Superior Council, which meets monthly, and includes important local notables—all nominated and enjoying in consequence high prestige and reputation; it delegates its powers in practice to a small body of thirteen.

Imports from France pay no duty and constitute more than half the total; imports from other countries are heavily penalized. There are 4,600 French officials, and 3,000 male French non-officials. No Frenchman or other European can be tried by any but a French official. There were serious riots a few years ago, but their origin was primarily monetary—not political.

What of our record in recent years in India?

It is impossible to read "Lord Morley's life and reminiscences," the deplorable "Correspondence of Mr. Edwin Montagu," the "Life of Lord Minto," or the public utterances of their distinguished successors still living, without feeling that the problems arising out of our responsibilities in India have been approached without any serious, or even superficial, study of the contemporaneous development of forms of government elsewhere in Asia.

We have completely ignored French and Dutch systems; we never studied German methods; we regarded independent Asiatic countries as hopelessly benighted, and their methods with contempt or indifference. The criterion applied was that of the United Kingdom; and it was applied equally by Indians who coveted and still covet parliamentary and electoral institutions not for

their own sake, but because they embody an enviable status. Every Indian politician is in reality even now imbued with our ideas or with views which, however fantastic, spring from English party doctrines of the last century. During the nineteenth century there flourished in this country a brilliant school of Whig writers; they perverted English history, representing our political progress as a series of struggles between monarch and people. They misled the English nation, and their party cries still echo in India. Outside a very small circle no one is talking, writing or apparently thinking of Indian economic problems. We are still repeating with reverence the doctrinaire parrot-cries that passed for serious thought at the close of the nineteenth century, yet what India needs more than anything else is economic organization, for a higher standard of living is a necessary preliminary to serious advance in education or in nation-building services. The Linlithgow Reports and connected documents deserve even more careful study than the Simon Report. I wonder how many of the highly vocal bishops, journalists, sob-sisters, and others who lecture us on our duty to India have read them, or if they did so, would understand the nature of the problem.

Let us admit that the word democracy is wholly inapplicable to any community in Asia to-day, or for as far as we can see ahead. Let us realize that democratic institutions as we understand them can only exist in a country with a homogeneous population, not sharply divided by religion or race. With the exception of Japan there are no such countries in Asia.

To quote from the Simon Report in regard to India—

> "It seems to us most unlikely that, if Britain had been of the size of India, if communal and religious divisions so largely governed its politics" (as they govern Indian politics) "and if minorities had had as little confidence in the rule of others as they have in India, popular government in Britain would have taken the form that it has."

The place of democracy in Asia is filled to-day by

nationalism; this feeling, stimulated by the war, is strongest in countries hitherto under British rule or influence. It derives its strength from our presence, and from the systems of rule we have adopted, rather than from any inherent strength of its own. The desire of eastern peoples under British rule to control their own destinies is manifested in practice by the ambitions of intellectual groups, which we have created, to occupy positions which they can in practice at present obtain only by means of an electoral system. That system has, without a single exception, proved unworkable in every eastern country, and it has virtually ceased to work in most of the States of Central and South America—it has no existence in Russia* or China, and is very much on its trial in Europe.

A defect of the Simon Report, in my judgment, due, of course, to its restricted terms of reference, which in turn follow on the Act of 1919, is that it makes no mention

* *The Times*, October 27, 1931. "The word 'election' is a misnomer in Soviet Russia. There are, in fact, no elections at all, but a progression of appointments to which the electorate is required to assent. All forms of secret balloting are forbidden, and the procedure by which a Soviet is re-composed takes the form of a public meeting, which all citizens of the electoral division above the age of 18, except 'class-aliens' who have been disfranchised, may attend. After some speeches to explain the stewardship of those who have hitherto held office, an official list of candidates is read and the meeting is invited to express its approval by a show of hands, whereupon the candidates are pronounced duly elected. As a rule the candidates are recorded as elected by the meeting unanimously. Although the official regulations lay down that objections may be raised and other candidates proposed, it is rare that electors take advantage of this privilege, as they thereby offer themselves gratuitously for persecution as class-aliens or *Kulaki*. Some cases of objection to, and defeat of, the official candidates do occur, however, at every General Election, but the life of a Soviet so elected is of short duration. The central authorities or the proper controlling organ of the Communist Party dissolve the Soviet and order a re-election which, in consequence of precautionary measures taken, always returns a satisfactory body. In the course of the intervals between elections, cases of incompetence or insubordination on the part of local Soviets and local executive committees continually crop up in different parts of the vast territories of the Union, and they are handled in a similar way, the offenders being prosecuted as wreckers or counter-revolutionaries or merely degraded as 'persons with blunted class-consciences,' and a local emergency election of a new body is ordered for the district at fault."

whatever of the ineluctable facts to which I have alluded affecting other Asiatic countries, and has in consequence encouraged us to continue to proceed in India by methods which have proved unsuccessful wherever they have been tried. Had the Commissioners been empowered to study constitutional developments in other Asiatic countries they might well have hesitated before recommending even a moderate extension of the franchise.

It is necessary to emphasize that in present circumstances electoral institutions in Asiatic countries involve a crude form of majority rule. Such a regime is bound to lead to the oppression of racial and religious minorities and thus to internal dissensions and open violence.

For some abominable tyrannies there is no other remedy, and majority rule may become such a tyranny. Electoral institutions are certain to involve the readjustment of boundaries so as to segregate communities into mutually hostile racial or linguistic groups. The logical development of this system is the claim that citizenship is a close preserve, and that " foreigners " exist only on sufferance. The problem of race hatred at once arises.

To quote Professor Zimmern—

> The formation of psychological blocs of this kind is a real danger to international understanding and organization. It is already beginning to be applied to races, and if not checked will lead to a world divided into blocks on lines of colour—a return to the politics of the animal kingdom !

I suggest that, however little we may like it, we shall sooner or later have to follow in India the line marked out for us by the wisdom of Asiatic statesmen elsewhere —namely, strong central and provincial governments governed by an irremovable executive, with men, not figureheads, in control—advisory councils, consisting of men of repute, with a large stake in the country, run in practice by an inner group, and an executive cabinet responsible to the head of the administration. Elected Assemblies must sooner or later disappear for most

practical purposes in India as elsewhere; the justification for their existence is a very recent theory of social organization, which has already been tried and found wanting in most parts of the world and must give way to modern adaptations of older systems which have stood the test of time.

I realize how difficult it will be in the future—how impossible at present—to make so grave a breach with the principles that have hitherto guided us. It has always been assumed, both in this country and in India, that the only form of constitutional progress worth discussing is a form which follows British parliamentary precedents.* The only model studied by the Indian student in his textbooks is the British model; it is the only model of which we in England have, as a rule, any practical acquaintance. It can be applied in Asiatic countries only in a translation—and the best of translations (except of German prose) is apt to lose the spirit of the original. *I traditori traduttori.*

I believe that many of us will live to see a government or governments in India and Ceylon, to mention no other countries, revert to forms of administration which are the antithesis of those now in favour. The rhythmic forces of the world which we term fate will beat us in the long run; the Asiatic, whom we call a fatalist, is wiser than us because he recognizes the fact. In other words, we cannot hope that electoral systems, direct or even indirect, will succeed.

The key to the government of India is, in the long run, the army in India. Armies in Asia have always been primarily political weapons, intended for internal use. The first thing the *wafd* tried to do in Egypt in 1921 was to use the Egyptian army for its own purposes. The same is true in Persia, in Iraq, in Arabia, in China, and in Turkey.

* In this connection *see* Royal Empire Society India Committee report and paper by Sir Henry Lawrence on "The Problem of India's Future, 1930."

You may perhaps ask—you may well ask—what in my view should be done in India? My reply is that we have pursued, with well-meaning but unsteady hands, a mistaken course since the Montagu-Chelmsford scheme imposed on India a form of government, implicit in the Minto-Morley reforms, and even in earlier declarations,* which is not suited to India. Sooner or later we must reverse the engines—otherwise it will be done by other hands, and the machine will be wrecked in the process. As Lord Chancellor Bacon said, "it is the sinfullest thing in the world to forsake or destitute a Plantation once in Forwardnesse; for, besides the Dishonour, it is the Guiltinesse of Bloud of many Commisserable Persons."

We should recognize frankly that conditions in the various provinces of India are such that no single system or scheme can be applied, but that an irremovable Executive is essential in all cases. This is the only deduction that I can usefully draw within the limits of this address from the experience of other Asiatic countries. It is, of course, a very small part of the problem of the future government of India, but that is not the primary subject before us this evening.

"The English nation," wrote Carlyle in 1842, "sits all enchanted, the poor enchanted so that they cannot work, the rich enchanted so that they cannot enjoy." The Government—he would add of India to-day—enchanted so that it cannot govern.

The problem before us in India is many-sided. Three supreme needs are—

To restore confidence in authority (whence derived and by whom exercised is secondary in the mind of the subject).

To prevent the dissolution of the machinery of government, now proceeding with ominous speed, and to restore its efficiency, in the interests of the people of India who will need it under any future system.

* For a useful summary *see* "India Insistent," by Sir H. Butler.

To raise the standard of living, viz., the productivity of the soil and of the individual.

The last-named task is in present conditions a hopeless one, for population presses upon the heels of agriculture and each increase in the means of subsistence is absorbed by the annual increment of nearly three million mouths.

> The hungry sheep look up, and are not fed
> But, swoln with wind and the rank mist they draw
> Rot inwardly and foul contagion spread.

The standard of living can be raised only by the development and application to Indian problems, mainly by Indians, of scientific and technical knowledge; we have grievously failed in our duty in this respect; scientific men and methods have never had a fair chance in India. We have in this country the greatest body of scientists in the world, yet we have starved science in India and never seriously sought to apply it. Even to-day the meagre scientific services are being retrenched more ruthlessly than any others.

The factor of supreme importance in the arts of government, of administration and of justice is not logic, but experience. Of late years we have ignored the experience of Indian Native States, of Asiatic countries, and of every country but our own in forming our ideas, and in formulating our policies for India and elsewhere. We have relied, and are still relying, on men who have seldom made more than a quite superficial study of eastern affairs, and generally ignored men who have devoted a lifetime to such matters. Let us admit that we have erred, and strayed like lost sheep; and let us confess the unwisdom of much that we have done in the past and especially of recent years. In the words of Cromwell, "Brethren, I beseech you, by the bowels of Christ, believe that you may sometimes be mistaken." He was speaking to the last "National" Parliament in this country.

There is no shame in admitting that we are on the

wrong track; government by an irremovable Executive, responsibly advised, can be made to work; government by an Executive, responsible to an elected body, has never worked in Asia, and seldom for long elsewhere. Abolish direct elections and substitute nominated for elected representatives, with a sprinkling of indirectly elected persons, and Indianization becomes a possibility; retain them and failure seems to me certain. If failure ensues, let us not blame Indian politicians, but our amateurish selves, complacently satisfied for half a century with our own institutions and, emulating Procrustes, content to impose them on our wards by example and precept, regardless of the weight of evidence and the trend of current events. We are proud of our attitude of religious toleration; we must extend it to political institutions. We attach weight to experts in domestic matters, and to experience in domestic politics. The idea of training a class of guardians who should use their ability to serve and preserve the State is as old as Plato. We have, both in this country and in India, amongst British and Indians alike such guardians of a quality and in numbers possessed by no other country in the world. Let us recapture the art of making use of them, and not only in Asia.

We may thus recover our self-respect and our self-confidence. No nation in Asia has succeeded in governing itself for long without governing at the same time, usually with the utmost rigour, several other nationalities. We have as good a right, and much better title, to govern than any other single nation. We are not disqualified by colour, creed or by any biological or climatic considerations from performing the necessary function of administration. If we eliminate ourselves "through craven fear of being great," those areas in which we have assumed their responsibility will revert to tribalism—as predicted by Professor Zimmern—but only for a time. Other Powers will arise to take our place—Japan, Italy, France, Russia—who can say? Men only hate even a tyranny because they seek to impose another of their

own devising. Will the world be better for our abdication of acquired rights? We know that it will not.

The only hope for the peace of the world, if hope there be, is to bring Asia into the full current of European civilization, and *vice versa*, for the wise men of the East have also their gifts to bring, but scientific administration is not among them. We can encompass this, even though in the process much that is good is destroyed with more that is bad, only by maintaining our rule. The forces of disruption are strong; the old gods of the north, Odin, Thor, and Freya—tyranny, force and lust—are not dead; the perennial conflict between light and darkness must go on in the world of politics as of ethics. Let us beware lest our counsels be darkened by words without wisdom, spoken by men and women who will be not backward in blaming statesmen, the sailors and the soldiers if the bricks made without straw in the mean days of peace crumble under the blasts of war.

It has been said that the ultimate justification for democracy is, in the long run, the lack of an effective substitute. The observation is, in Asia at all events, equally true of autocracy. When General Smuts says that the consent of the governed is the only secure and lasting basis of government, and that liberty is the condition of consent, he is going beyond the ascertained facts for, in most parts of the world, history shows that the consent of the governed has not, in fact, ensured secure or lasting forms of government, and that the only liberty that is open to men, and that but rarely, is freedom to choose their masters. Liberty is, in reality, a political catchword, the anodyne of slaves, for the subordination of the individual to the community is the mark of the East; to that extent and to that extent only, Moscow is to-day the spiritual home of many politically-minded Asiatics, to whom self-government connotes the opportunity of governing others. There is, indeed, a form of consent born of apathy or compulsion; he who gives it will some day find that he has set up institutions which

are not a part of him, and are therefore oppressive. Nor can consent be given once for all. It must be renewed from day to day to be effective; else the machinery of government will perish of routine, which J. S. Mill regarded as the most insidious of ills. If only for this reason electoral institutions are unlikely to endure in Asia, if, indeed, they endure anywhere.

Democracy impels the State to action, but, by its own nature, either deprives State action of its effectiveness, or forces it to assume undemocratic forms. And if a reason be sought why human societies forever exhaust themselves in pursuit of ideals which elude them in the moment of attainment, it is to be found in the shortness of human life, which makes change the only certainty in human affairs. The solutions of yesterday are never adequate to the problems of to-morrow. *Respice finem* is a vain motto, for " hope springs eternal in the human breast, man never is, but always to be blest." Pope, perhaps, came nearest the truth when he wrote :—

> For forms of Government let fools contest
> Whate'er is best administered is best.

Samuel Butler's Notebooks: Some New Extracts

[*While still quite a young man Samuel Butler began to carry a notebook, and to write down in it everything he wanted to remember. It might be something he heard someone say; more commonly it was something he said or thought himself—the germ, perhaps, of a passage in whatever book he had in hand at the moment. These notes were subsequently revised, shortened, amplified, indexed, etc. (many of them not once only, but several times), and at the time of Butler's death in* 1902 *had, for the most part, assumed a more or less final form. They comprise six quarto volumes of about* 225 *pages each, and a quantity of other notes, not finally revised.*

From this mass of manuscript material the late Henry Festing Jones edited a classified selection. It was published in 1912 *by Mr. A. C. Fifield, and has been frequently reprinted by Messrs. Jonathan Cape, Ltd., the present publishers of all Butler's writings.*

In the autumn of this year (1932), *Messrs. Cape will publish a further selection from the Notebooks. This will consist of notes hitherto unpublished, and will be edited by Mr. A. T. Bartholomew.*

We give below the first of a series of these hitherto unpublished extracts from the Notebooks. Further extracts will appear in subsequent issues of THE ENGLISH REVIEW.]

MAN

is conversant about superficies. It is his duty to be superficial and in this respect he generally does his duty.

COMMUNICATION OF ALL KINDS

is like painting—a compromise with impossibilities.

A LAWYER'S DREAM OF HEAVEN

Every man reclaimed his own property at the Resurrection, and each tried to recover it from all his forefathers.

ARGUMENT

goes for very little with most people—assertion carries more weight generally.

CANADIAN RESTAURANTS

When the Canadians have a decent restaurant, they will be nicer people, and when they are nicer people they will have a decent restaurant.

ITALIAN MEDIEVAL ROMANISM

mellowed with age. It is hard to think that modern Montreal Romanism or modern English Dissent can ever become picturesque—but I suppose they will, for the Puritan has already become so.

AMERICAN DISHONESTY

Refer it to their Puritan ancestry.

THE LETTER OF STRICT INACCURACY

I was explaining to Jones that some eggs I was going to let him have were perhaps not quite so fresh as he thought. I said "I don't often tell the truth but there are times in every man's life when he departs from the letter of strict inaccuracy."

REPUTATIONS FOR ABILITY

I would rather lose twenty, than be at pains to keep one of them. Reputation is like a man's soul which he may find in losing, or lose in finding. It is like money, more easily made than kept.

THE GREATEST HAPPINESS OF THE GREATEST NUMBER

will be best promoted by increasing the prosperity of those who are now best and comeliest.

I WAS SICK AND YE VISITED ME

I should say, "I was sick, and you were kind enough to leave me quite alone."

Against this note I found Jones had written in pencil, "It must have been a reproach. H. F. J."

ART NOTE

There are three provinces of art. The what is; the what we should like to fancy as having been in the past; and the what we like to fancy as pure imagination. There should be no strict what was, or has been; this belongs to the antiquary and archæologist, not to the artist.

BY THEIR FRUITS YE SHALL KNOW THEM

This depends on what sort of a judge of fruits you may happen to be—or "Yes—if you are a judge of fruits."

MORALITY

Unless morality brings a man peace at the last, it is an imposture. Peace at the last is the *raison d'être* of morality. I have known very moral old men living with wives whom they have long ceased to love, if indeed they ever loved them; fathers of sons whom they hate for having either distanced or disgraced them, and of ugly disagreeable daughters whom they loathe in secret, but from whom there is no escape.

Is it moral for a man to have brought this upon himself? Is it moral for a man to have an old wife and ugly daughters at all? If this is moral, what is immorality? Someone should do for morals what Bacon is supposed to have done for science.

THE SELFISHNESS OF WOMEN

They say it is so selfish of men not to marry; perhaps it is; but is it not selfish of women to insist on men marrying them?

KNOWING A LITTLE MORE OR A LITTLE LESS THAN WE DO

We like those who know much about the same as we do, or much more, or much less; but we do not like them

to know a little more or a little less. Jones says the same holds good with money.

MARRIAGE AND HEAVEN

Marriage is distinctly and repeatedly excluded from heaven. Is this because it is thought likely to mar the general felicity?

THE LEVELLING OF THE BIBLE

All men being equal before God, etc.—this is an unconscious recognition of the vastness of our common universal history as compared with that of our more recent human civilization.

MAN IS A PARASITE

on the lower animals and on vegetables as much as the mistletoe is upon the oak. And the lower animals are the same. We live on one another's credit, and we do not know what it is all based on.

ART NOTE

Truth in painting only means the nearest approach to truth that can be got with the most economical use of the resources at command.

DUKE OF WELLINGTON'S FUNERAL

His boots were hung over his charger, and the charger with the boots formed part of the procession. A little girl seeing this from a window said, "Mamma, when we die is there nothing left of us but our boots?"

CARLYLE AND MIRABEAU

Carlyle must be a fraud (but of course he was) for he says in his *French Revolution* that Mirabeau loved his father who had treated him abominably and imprisoned him, and admires Mirabeau all the same. Therefore Carlyle is more of either knave or fool than people can be allowed to be without being considered humbugs.

CONSCIOUSNESS

When consciousness has been reawakened about any matter, unconsciousness can, as a general rule, only be regained by beginning again at a very early stage, and repeating, in an abbreviated form, the earlier stages of experiment and failure. Man has resumed consciousness about some things in respect of which the lower animals are still unconsciously satisfied, as that self-interest is the main-spring of ordinary action. Hence self-interest is less paramount with him than with them.

Progress is impossible without a good deal of occasional resumption of consciousness. Such resumption is only possible as the result of accumulated capital which permits the necessary leisure.

THE DAMNATION OF UNITARIANS

Mr. Dally, the scripture reader at St. James's, Piccadilly, when I was working as a lay helper under Perring, once said to me that "there were several things which would promote the damnation of Unitarians."

HABITUAL TEETOTALLERS

There should be asylums for such people. But they would probably relapse into teetotalism as soon as they came out.

MRS. HUDSON

I mean the wife of the once famous railway king. In my young days she was the typical *nouvelle riche* and all sorts of stories used to be told about her. When I first knew her in 1864 she was very old and in very narrow circumstances. She was then living apart from her husband with whom she could not get on—or he could not get on with her, and I should say small wonder, for she had an awful temper. She was always changing her lodgings and used to tell me dreadful stories about the landlady of every house she went into. She was very slow in speaking, and measured her sentences with great

care to make them balance as she considered a well turned sentence should do. I only remember one, but it is typical of all I ever heard her say. It ran—"You see the world, and all that it contains, is wrapped up in such curious forms, that it is only by a knowledge of human nature that you can tell rightly what to do, to say, and to admire." I once told Jones of this and he said it was like an Academy picture.

MARTYR TO HIS WANT OF CONVICTIONS

There was a man who maintained that no man ought to let himself be made a martyr to his convictions. He held this opinion so strongly that rather than give it up he allowed himself to be burned alive—thus becoming, after all, a martyr to his convictions.

WILD HOT WATER

A young student at Heatherley's once asked me if New Zealand was not the place where the hot water grows wild.

IDIOTS

An idiot is a person who thinks for himself instead of letting other people think for him. He takes his own view of things and therefore not unfrequently differs from his neighbours. Any person who differs considerably from his neighbours is an idiot *ipso facto*.

CONSCIENTIOUSNESS

is a quality which it would be impossible to over-rate if it had not been over-rated.

A POEM ON THE NATIONAL DEBT

My namesake, T. W. G. Butler, told me many years ago that among the answers to correspondents in one of the penny weekly papers he had seen, "W. E. G. No: we should not recommend you to write an epic poem on the National Debt." Can W. E. G. have been Mr. Gladstone?

SOUL TOO PREDOMINANT

"She looks as if her soul had got the better of her."

NOT A PROFESSIONAL SCIENTIST

One great complaint against me is that I am not a professional scientist. It is not shown that what I say is unsound, but it is contended that I cannot know the particular matter on which I am writing, because I have given no public proof that I know all manner of other things which have no connection with it.

UNIVERSITIES

If a man is man enough to go to the University he is man enough to begin his profession at once without any University.

CULTURE

Some one said of another that he was cultured. "Yes," was the rejoinder—"not to say manured."

MISS BUCKLEY

What I said to her when Dean Stanley died.

I said I was glad Dean Stanley was dead. I disliked his works and also he was by way of being lovable, whereas when I have been sketching in the Abbey I have seen him going round with smaller people and behaving very rudely to them. His expression was odious. Miss Buckley bridled up and said she was not at all glad. I said, "Why, I never knew such a person; you are never glad when any one is dead, you were not glad when Tom Taylor, nor yet when George Eliot, nor Carlyle died." She bridled up at this still more. "I was glad," she said, "when Lord Beaconsfield died." She said this because she knew how greatly I admired him—on the whole it was a very pretty little spar.

GRATITUDE

The gratitude that parents claim from children is often no more reasonable than it would be for a man of

40 to claim gratitude from a man of 30, because he once gave him 2/6 when he was at school. What horrible *liens* have some such people established over us?

A PRINCIPLE OF MORALITY

It is more moral to be behind the age than in advance of it.

ART

All that is not pertinent in art is impertinent.

BOOKS

My main wish is to get my books into other people's rooms, and to keep other people's books out of mine.

SHAKESPEARE

If he had told us more about what he himself saw, said and did—what he thought of the men and things of his day—what people he was fond of, what places he most frequented, etc., and less even about Hamlet and Othello, it would have been better.

AN AMERICAN CANDIDATE

during the War described his opponent as one who had run away to Canada to avoid the conscription. "I," he exclaimed, "never shirked the fulfilment of a patriotic duty. I stayed at home and braved the terrors of the conscription. My name was drawn. I paid for a substitute, and *his* bones are whitening the plains of Manassas."

ART OF THE EARLY MASTERS

The art of these was as wild flowers; that of the culminating period was as beautiful flowers in a garden; our own art is for the most part like very clever waxwork imitation.

AUBERON HERBERT

He and his wife resolved that they and the servants should henceforth dine together at one time and one

table; they would thus diffuse sweetness and light over their whole household. This might have answered very well if the servants after a few days had not given warning *en masse*.

THE PROPHETS STONING THE JEWS

The Jews would not have stoned the Prophets if the Prophets had not stoned the Jews first. Just as I am sure the literary and scientific people of to-day would not dislike me as much as they do if I had not shown my dislike to them pretty openly first. "We hate him, because he first hated us." This is what they would say, and they would be quite right.

HANDEL

is more generally known and appreciated than when I was a boy. At Littlehampton last November (1881) I saw a bill in a greengrocer's window announcing the coming of a comic singer who was to sing a song of which the refrain was, "Handel, Moses, Julius Cæsar, Timothy, Titus, Burdett-Coutts." When Handel is as familiar to the multitude as Moses, on the one hand, and the Baroness Burdett-Coutts and her husband on the other, his admirers should be fairly well contented.

REFORMS AND DISCOVERIES

are like offences; they must needs come, but woe unto that man through whom they come.

GRACE AND GOODNESS

There is no true gracefulness which is not epitomized goodness.

SUDDEN ACCESSIONS OF WEALTH

It is upon the evolution principle that these are so often fatal. The jump is too sudden.

A RECALCITRANT BLACKSMITH

A new curate was explaining to the village blacksmith the nature of miracles. The blacksmith was docile and accepted the story of Jonah in the whale's belly. As the curate put it, he said he saw no difficulty in it and was ready to believe it. The curate then went on to Shadrach, Meshach and Abednego in the burning fiery furnace. "Now the furnace," said the curate, "was many times larger and hotter than your forge." This riled the blacksmith; he was proud of his forge, which had been his father's before him; besides he could realize a furnace to himself. "No," he said, "I don't believe it, and I don't believe the b——y fish story either." And so the matter dropped.

THE EXPERIENCE OF OLD MEN

can hardly become hereditary, for few old men, and no old women, have children. Later average age of reproduction will not only tend to longevity, but also to more hereditary good sense.

AN AMERICAN FUNERAL

A man was being buried and a woman standing near the grave was weeping bitterly—so much so as to attract the attentions of the bystanders. On this the widow went up to her and said, "Look here, stranger—Air you running this funeral or am I?"

MRS. GELDART AND YOUNG DICKENS

At one of her freshmen's parties a son of Dickens was there. She made little notes beforehand of what she was to say to each undergraduate, and talked to each one with her notebook in hand. To Dickens she said, "So, Mr. Dickens, I hear you are a son of the man who writes those dreadful books; dear, dear, I can't think how anyone can read them."

BALLOONING

There was an article in the *Times* (1882) which convinces me that the navigation of the air must be near at hand. When the *Times* dismisses a subject so contemptuously as this, it is generally on the point of succeeding.

REASON

If you follow it far enough, it always leads to conclusions that are contrary to reason.

FORMERS OF OPINION

Who are the men who do this? Not the experts, but the public who, though they do not know enough to be experts, yet know enough to decide between them.

PRAISE YE THE LORD

I had to go to service at St. Mary's and for the first time for a good many years I heard a considerable part of the beautiful liturgy of the Church of England. Nothing particularly struck me, except that when the clergyman says "Praise ye the Lord," the reply is "The Lord's name be praised." This is a little cold. It seems to say, "We are not quite sure about it; we will pass it; since you insist upon it we will raise no hindrance, but we had rather leave it an open question as far as our own action is concerned."

CANDID

When they opened the new Law Courts they knighted Jones's friends Mr. Paine and Mr. Roxburgh. Jones got me to write his congratulatory letters for him. In one place I began a sentence "Candidly," but I corrected myself at once and said, "I hate the word so much that I will not use it even when I am lying."

MY BOOKS

It may conceivably matter to someone else whether he has read my books or no, but it does not matter to me.

MYSTIFICATION

There is the mystification of absolute ignorance, and the mystification of fogged science.

MANNERISM

To forbid all mannerism is to forbid form and insist on everything's being thought out afresh *de novo*.

THE ROSSETTI EXHIBITION

I have been to see it and am pleased to find it more odious than I had even dared to hope. I met Rossetti once at Wallis's; there were three besides myself. I disliked them all very much, but Rossetti the most.

OPEN MATRIMONY

A man was moralizing at the life-class (at Heatherley's) one night, about the purity of youth, etc. I said, "It's all very well for you to talk—you know you are living in open matrimony yourself."

AMSTERDAM CANAL

It was twisted awry by a tornado of private interests.

"CLEANSE THOU ME FROM MY SECRET SINS"

I heard a man moralizing on this, and shocked him by saying demurely that I did not mind these so much, if I could get rid of those that were obvious to other people.

UNCONSCIOUSNESS AND THE TWO MOST IMPORTANT THINGS

The two most important things a man has are his body and his mind. The unanimous verdict of those best qualified to form an opinion is that the less ninety-nine hundredths of us know about either one or the other the better. The more important a thing is the more important it is that we should know nothing about it.

UNCONSCIOUS ACTIONS

The things we do with most unconsciousness are those which we die quickest if we do not do.

MISS POTTER AND POOR PEOPLE

Miss Potter, who works a good deal among the poor in Seven Dials, asked me at a conversazione, rather abruptly, if I liked poor people. I said I did not, and there the conversation ended.

PROCTOR—SPACE "PRACTICALLY" INFINITE

The *Times*, Mar. 24, 1882, reports R. A. Proctor as having said that space was "practically" infinite—I think he went on to say that time was also "practically" infinite.

PROVIDENCE ITSELF

could not be more absolutely improvident.

MYSELF AND ORIGINAL RESEARCH

The contention against me is that I have made no original researches, but have as a general rule taken my facts at second hand. Perhaps; but what are the Darwin, Huxley and Tyndall people good for if we cannot rely upon their facts and proceed to make deductions from them?

ADVERTISEMENT

The following has appeared lately. "Mrs. Smith having cast off clothing of every description invites inspection."

ART NOTE

If a student is to do any good his development will epitomize the history of painting.

MENDELSSOHN'S SONGS WITHOUT WORDS

Jones said it was a mercy they had no words.

SUBJECT: ON THE FORMATION OF OPINION

Take the subject of free trade and see how opinions differ about it; but how does opinion come to be formed on such a matter? Priestcraft arises from men's desire to have their opinions formed for them. This desire is like nature—you may expel it with a fork, but it will always return.

"I DID NOT EXCEED LAST NIGHT"

When Mr. Sam Carter resigned his connection with the Midland Railway his friends gave him a dinner. Next day he went to the apothecary and said, "I do not feel very well this morning. I did not exceed last night, but I should like you to treat me as if I had exceeded."

NAMES SEEN BY ME IN CHURCHYARDS

James Dolding, David Welstead, Martha Pippett, Phœbe Knock, Edward Buddle, Josiah Chockery (Cioccari ?), Gilbert Golder, George Griggs, Robert Bubb, Lydia Luck, Thomas Truss, Rebecca Weekling, Sarah Skittlethorpe.

DANGEROUS KNOWLEDGE

There are certain things quite incontrovertible, and quite worthy of being known and considered, yet a mere knowledge of which will turn most men into dangerous characters.

Life and Habit

One aim of this book was to place the distrust of science on a scientific basis.

(To be continued)

Notes on Two Manuscripts

By Arthur Symons

HAVING always had the Collector's passion for buying rare first editions, I have certain possessions, such as Giraldi Cinthio's "De Gli Hecatommithi" (1656) from which Shakespeare derived the plot of *Othello*—leaving out one masterly bit of dialogue, where Othello says to Iago—"Her soul? I will pluck—that will I—the soul from her body"; "Ragionamente di M. Pietro Aretino, Cognominato il Flagillo de Principe" (1584); "Obras Espirituales de San Juan de la Cruz" (1618), the rare first edition I bought in the Sierpes in Seville in 1898; all the first editions of Browning, Swinburne, Meredith and Baudelaire; and, besides these, certain rare manuscripts. I am concerned here with the original manuscript of Rossetti's "Eden Bower" I have bought, bound in green morocco, and with certain of Swinburne's bound in blue morocco, which is not in my possession. I begin with Swinburne's.

It contains thirteen pages of folio paper; and, what is most interesting, is his final copy of "Cleopatra" and the extent of his revisions. The water-mark on the blue paper is 1860. He had his reason for omitting this daring experiment in an invented or an inverted metre from his printed Poems; a reason he explained to me on a certain afternoon in 1898 in answer to my question, why he had never reprinted these wonderful verses. A subtle smile stole across his features, and he said with a gesture: *C'est un péché de jeunesse*!

"Cleopatra" was printed in "The Cornhill Magazine," September 1866, with rather an Oriental picture of Sandys, where Cleopatra, in all the rare and perverse beauty of her youth, stands, crowned, shredding pearl after pearl into the bowl of poisoned wine; incense smokes in a gold platter, dark-skinned girls gaze at her with sinister glances, playing on stringed instruments; only, Cleopatra divines her future and Antony's.

In the MS. whole lines are erased, in "most admired disorder"; one stanza is crossed through and a finer one given on the next page. There are several variants in the printed text; the MS. has nineteen stanzas instead of twenty; it contains in stanza seventeen the stanza Swinburne laboured over so cruelly. The one he recast I give first as it is printed in the text.

Her great grave beauty covers her
As that sleek spoil beneath her feet
Clothed once the anointed soothsayer;
The hallowing is gone forth from it
Now, made unmeet for priests to wear.

This is the erased stanza:

That spotted spoil beneath her feet
(A chief priest's raiment mocked and marred)
Grows with the touch of them more sweet
Than breaths of ounce or breathing pard,
Where the sick hard last pulses beat.

The stanza that reads in the text:

She holds the future close, her lips
Hold fast the fear of things to be;
Actium, and sound of war that dips
Down the blown vallies of the sea,
Far sails that flee, and storms of ships;

shows in the erased stanza I give literally Swinburne's curious lack of inspiration:

She holds the future (with) close, her lips
Hold fast the loves of things to be;
Actium and all the storm of ships
(above: *sound that rips*)
In the blown breaking (purple) straits of sea,
Wherewith her free swift galley slips
Stirred stormily round stormy ships.

It is a well-known fact that there was, as Swinburne might have said, "a kind of unholy miscarriage" in the passage of the MS. of "Chastelard" to the printed text; some of it was destroyed; some of the pages were returned by the printers on which he made many erasures;

a mania of his which I find repeated on every page of this MS. For this reason it is interesting to give the following thirteen lines from one page that contains forty-four.

QUEEN: Ah, sweet, if God were ever good to me,
To put you in my hands! I am come to shame;
In suing to such folk to do me good.
Let me have time to see.
Truly I think I did kneel down, and pray,
Cry, with my hands for pity, God's fair mother!
If I had got my heels upon these heads
So by God's leave I will—for I did sue,
I craved it of him for grace as poor folk crave;
I was the greater fool, too, nay, by Mary,
I am a queen yet. I will hold their heads
Here in my hands for this. Which of you waits?
No maiden of them? I am stung to death.

Out of these thirteen lines Swinburne, in his text, makes thirty-three (Act. IV, Scene 1, pages 154–57), which are more feverish and cruel than in the first version, which, however, is more concentrated and contains two lines it seems to me he ought to have used. The lines that follow are twisted and tormented.

MARY CARMICHAEL: Madam, I think
She is with the King, our lord at conference.
QUEEN: What compound? What lord? There is no lord,
There shall be no lord if it please me not;
I will have none. What if God pardon us?
I say she hath no lord, ye have no lord,
And I will teach her tongue to talk of lords.
Come hither to me; hearken you these words.
Did you not tell me of some friend, a man,
Some friend of his—faith, do I know his name?
Ye have such heavy wits to help me out—
Some Erskine was it, that could help me forth.
If I would think to sleep a little—ha?

As for the MS. pages of "Atalanta in Calydon," some are so riddled over with erasures, some blotted out with fierce strokes of a pen, that little if any meaning can be found in them. One entire page of 37 lines has the interest of never having been used by Swinburne, and

such as it is, I give it verbatim; for there is in these lines a kind of sombre savagery that can only be compared with a much later tragedy, "Locrine."

The gods of night and star-destroying day
Make this day good to us; thou chief officer,
For whom I first, of all thy stainless gold
Shed water and blood-offering with clean hand.
I come before the dawn comes, and my head
Is stained and writhen with moist flakes of rain;
My foot is weary of the dew, mine eyes
Of darkness and discomfortable dream.
Lo, the stars whiten, the low moon burns out,
And in the leaves a lightning of the day
And in the clouds a cleaving of the night.
Maiden, the whitest creature born of heaven,
The holiest, me thy servants with shorn hair
And with bound brows and daylight sacrifice
Beseech thee and approach thee. Be thou sweet
And serviceable and merciful of soul
Lest wanting help men fail to honour thee.
Take thou from off this neck of Calydon
The unseasonable immitigable weight
Made heavy on us as some ploughshares twain
The oxteam of their yoke is; hold thine heart,
Let it be deadly to us without a shaft
Without the swift soft loosing of thy bow
That shooting sheds a death-like sleep. Behold
The choice of faultless heart and maiden mouth,
The perfect flower of Arbolian sect
Gathered to praise thee; much more pure of speech
Arcadian, Atalanta, thine own maid,
Salutes thee in her spousal time of chase
With sound and with delight of hunting men.

These lines that follow—which I imagine Swinburne intended to use in "Atalanta," but which were not used—are written on a bit of old Venetian paper.

Who shall smite them when they sinned? He that empties,
he that fills
With the noises of the wind all the hollows of the hills,
All the folds of Calydon and soft places for their sheep,
Leaves that morning breaks upon, fields that night subdues to
sleep.
For the name of him is fate and the face of him is death.

O foolish people a three days' nation, and three nights' race,
Dumb with division of speech and blind with confusion of face.
For the high gods are not higher than the law;
For the strong gods are not stronger than the same;
Ye have seen its face as fire that ye saw;
But the heat thereof burns longer than the flame.

The manuscript of Rossetti's "Eden Bower" is written on bright blue folio paper, water-marked 1868; there are seven pages and fifty-one stanzas: the first contains six stanzas, there are seven stanzas on every page up to the sixth, the seventh has eight stanzas (the double refrain being added); there are 200 lines. His handwriting is as original as it is Italian; it is wonderful in its rapidity and nervous beauty. One notices his very careful punctuation, and the way in which he writes on the right of the pages between brackets both refrains, underlining them; using at times as he often did, the traditional long "s"; using in the first line of the refrain the upright "D" as it is always printed and in the second one the "d" b turned backward. This is his final copy of the original MS., which must have caused him, I am certain, infinitely more "expense of spirit" than in the creation of his other poems. It was done for the private edition before the 1870 edition appeared; in which he used his judgment—as poet and painter—in omitting certain poems. I notice also that this final MS. is folded thrice over; and that, "as poets mostly do," Rossetti carried it about with him in one of his voluminous pockets.

In the ninth stanza he writes:

Shapes that coiled in the woods and waters,
Glittering sons and jewelled daughters;

in which he uses a marvellous image, "jewelled" for one of his passions as a painter was that of painting jewels. In the text he unwisely changes the word to "radiant." On page six he erases the last two lines of one stanza that read:

How shall my red lip (mouth) woo thee and win thee,—
My warm white body and (all) wound within thee!

lines that are certainly excessively erotic; in the place of which he inserts on the margin:

How shall we mingle our loving caresses,
I in thy folds and thou in my tresses!

In another stanza Rossetti erases this line:

Hear thy mouth's dear word that shall sate it:

and inserts above:

Let thine heart hear words that shall sate it.

which reads in the text:

Feast thine heart with words that shall sate it:

In the next stanza he erases "sweet" and inserts "proud"; instead of "wreathe" he writes "wind." In the stanza that begins:

With those women, ye echoes of Eden:

he erases "with while we kiss," "On that day," "With that kiss." In the thirteenth stanza the line in the MS.:

Once for my sake (one hour) this great endeavours,

reads in the text:

Help me once for this one endeavour.

In the next stanza he changes "foul" to "fell"; and in the 53rd stanza he cancels:

And prove how weak is fore-god or foeman

into

Is not the Foe-God weak as the foeman;

and in the next stanza "whole heart" is changed into "Heart's hope."

In one stanza of the text he seems to me to have made the mistake of not using the word he uses in the MS., "coils" which he changes into "form" which reads:

Wrap me round in the coils I'll borrow
And let me tell thee of sweet to-morrow.

In the dignified letter that Rossetti wrote in answer to, as well as in ironical rebuke of, the vile attack made on him by Buchanan which he named "The Stealthy School of Criticism," he writes: "A third quotation is from 'Eden Bower' and says:

What more prize than love to impel thee?
Grip and lip my limbs as I tell thee!

"Here, again, no reference is given, and naturally the reader would suppose that a human embrace is described. The embrace, on the contrary, is that of a fabled snake-woman and a snake. It would be possible still, no doubt, to object on other grounds to this conception; but the ground inferred and relied on for full effect by the critic is none the less an absolute misrepresentation." These extracts, it will be admitted, are virtually, if not verbally, garbled with malicious intention; and the same is the case with the sonnet called "Nuptial Sleep" when purposely treated as a whole poem. And so the Poet, one of whose names was Dante, ends with this query: "What more inspiring for poetic effect than the terrible Love—turned to Hate—perhaps the deadliest of all passion-woven complexities—which is the theme of 'Sister Helen,' and, in a more fantastic form of 'Eden Bower'—the surroundings of both poems being the mere machinery of a central universal meaning?" Certainly the whole of Rossetti's poetry is tragic; and, the mystery of Love being revealed to him under many disguises, the supreme revelation of love to him was the love of women, of women's beauty and of women's passion. Only, in "Eden Bower," which is a masterpiece, the passion is elemental; it is as malignant as the first Serpent who, with the inhuman Lilith, brought sin into the world; as superb as their fabulous embraces; as abnormal as the begetting of Cain, who was predestined to slay Abel; and in the last stanza all the wickedness—human and inhuman—that has destroyed lives and loves and passions, on the downward way to hell, on the upward path to heaven, is concentrated into one enormous exaltation that makes one son of Adam and Eve the snake's brother, that makes the other the innocent origin of all the blood-shedding that has besmeared the earth's surface, since the snake's tongue lapped Abel's blood.

The League and Manchuria

By J. O. P. Bland

SPEAKING at Shanghai on March 16, to an audience drawn chiefly from Chinese universities, Lord Lytton, Chairman of the League of Nations' Committee of Enquiry in the Far East, gave utterance to an opinion of great significance, which might with advantage have been expressed long before by the Committee of the League, in Conference at Geneva. Lord Lytton said: "It is not possible for any nation to cultivate hatred and hostility towards other countries and then expect the League to step in and save them from the consequences of their attitude." It is undeniable that for the last ten years—roughly speaking, since the Washington Conference—China has deliberately cultivated hatred and hostility towards other countries. The textbooks adopted for the use of primary schools by the Kuomintang authorities constitute in themselves irrefutable evidence of the fact that, as a matter of deliberate policy, they are systematically implanting seeds of hatred towards all foreigners in the mind of the rising generation. If Lord Lytton's Committee pursues its investigations, as the Japanese Government expects, so as to make them cover a complete enquiry into China's political and administrative conditions, it must come to the conclusion that much of this hatred and hostility would never have been displayed had the League of Nations and the American Government thought fit to warn China against persistence in this attitude, or made it clear that it is not in the power of the League to protect her permanently from its natural consequences.

Consideration of this aspect of the Chinese situation leads us to another, which lies at the very root of the international question in and about Manchuria. At the Washington Conference it was laid down as a self-denying ordinance, binding upon all the nine Powers concerned, that China's sovereign rights and the integrity of her territory must be respected and maintained. It is a

remarkable fact, in great measure attributable to the mentality of the political theorists and international pacifists who virtually directed the proceedings of that Conference, and who now inspire the political activities of the League of Nations, that neither at Washington nor at Geneva has the question ever been discussed, or even mooted, whether any good purpose is served by the Powers binding themselves to guarantee and protect the sovereign rights of a nation, when the official class of that nation have repeatedly proved their readiness to sell or mortgage those sovereign rights, regardless of the welfare and dignity of their country.

Throughout the many Conferences which have been held at Geneva since the present trouble in Manchuria began, there has been continual evidence of a disposition to examine and discuss all the legal aspects of Japan's "special interests" in that region, and of her obligations as a member of the League. These questions have also greatly concerned bodies such as the Institute of Pacific Relations (whose headquarters are under American direction) and the Royal Institute of International Affairs in this country. Many volumes have been written by distinguished American publicists, such as Professor Young and Professor Willoughby, in which Japan's position in Manchuria has been critically examined from the juridical point of view, and on the broad assumption that China's relations with Japan are capable of being dealt with on generally accepted principles of international law. But neither in the proceedings of these international Conferences and Institutes, nor in all the vast body of propaganda that has been produced on the subject, will the seeker after truth find any specific exposition of the fundamental truth, that the whole position of economic and political ascendancy which Japan has been enabled to build up in Manchuria, is largely due to the venal complicity of Chinese officials. "Talk not of halters in the house of the hanged," said Sancho Panzo, and one can readily discern and appreciate

the sentiments which have led the pundits of Geneva to abstain from referring, in the presence of the highly-cultured Chinese delegates, to a matter of such uncomfortable delicacy. It is to be hoped, however, that Lord Lytton's good example may now be followed, and that a little plain speaking on this subject may find its way to those chiefly concerned, the leaders of the Kuomintang party, together with their apologists in this country and in the United States.

The polished diplomats who advocate China's cause before the Council of the League now challenge Japan's position in Manchuria upon several grounds, most of which involve intricate points of international law and complicated matters of fact, and which, at the same time, reflect by implication upon every government that has held office in China since the Manchurian question began to take form, except that which they themselves now represent. Their attitude, and that of the Nanking Government, amounts to a general denial of Japan's position and rights in Manchuria, on the ground that the treaties and agreements, conferring these rights and "special interests," were made in the past by high officials or government departments, with whose methods the present-day Kuomintang is not in sympathy. They now repudiate, for example, the agreement contained in supplementary clauses to the treaty concluded between the Chinese Government and Japan in 1905, whereby China undertook not to build any railways in Manchuria which would compete with the South Manchurian system. Similarly, they repudiate the obligations incurred, and concessions granted, to Japan by the Peking Government in 1917, under what are commonly known as the Nishihara loan agreements. The position generally adopted by Mr. Alfred Sze and Dr. Yen and their American advisers at Geneva is, that these agreements should no longer be regarded as binding upon the Chinese Government of to-day, inasmuch as they were either wrongfully obtained by coercion or corruptly negotiated,

and that such things are no longer possible under the changed conditions of present-day China. It is an assumption which can be made to apply to almost any treaty, and thus reduce it to a scrap of paper, and Dr. Yen can claim that if he sins, he does so in good company. As a matter of fact, the Kuomintang has repeatedly invoked it, in denouncing all treaties which it chooses to consider "unequal," or in cases where it has good reason to believe that a policy of repudiation will not be unduly discouraged by other interested parties, inside and outside the League. In the early days of the Republic, it used to be the fashion for Sun Yat-sen and his followers to attribute Japanese ascendancy in Manchuria, and many other things derogatory to China's sovereign rights and dignity, to political abuses prevalent under the corrupt tyranny of the Manchus. As time went on, the Manchus having gone, it became the fashion for the advanced section of the Kuomintang to attribute all such unpleasant things to the misgovernment of its political opponents; since 1921 the Cantonese element has always been particularly active in denouncing the inefficiency and corruption of its northern rivals.

Under these circumstances, it may be well to set forth in brief outline the steps by which Japan's position of economic and financial ascendancy in Manchuria has been gradually consolidated with the connivance of Chinese officials since the beginning of the century. The first of these steps, whereby China's sovereignty was curtailed in the three Eastern Provinces, occurred in 1896, shortly after the Japanese had been compelled to hand back the Liaotung peninsula to China, as the result of *force majeure* brought to bear upon her by France, Germany and Russia. On that occasion Russia proceeded, first through her Minister at Peking, and later in negotiations between Li Hung-chang and Prince Lobanow at Moscow, to conclude a secret agreement, whereby she obtained the right to build her own railway across Manchuria, together with an undertaking that

China would finance all future railway construction in that region through Russian banks only. It was said at the time that the Manchu Court (and particularly Li Lien-ying, the chief eunuch) had derived considerable financial advantages from this agreement; but the fact remains that it was carried to its conclusion by the greatest of China's viceroys, and that, by common report accepted throughout all China, he received a large *douceur* for his part in the transaction. Be this as it may, from that date onward, by China's own voluntary action, a foreign power was empowered to exercise rights in Manchuria, which definitely encroached upon the unrestricted exercise of her own sovereignty in that region.

Again, after the Russo-Japanese War, when China's sovereign rights over the three provinces had been re-established, without cost to herself, by the Treaty of Portsmouth, it was the venality of a high Chinese official which again undermined and gave away these rights in the all-important matter of railway construction. The corruption of Na Tung, Minister of Finance, who negotiated the treaty which did so, was notorious throughout all China; but the fact remains that he *was* Minister of Finance and, in that capacity, invested with authority to make such agreements binding upon China.

Again, in 1917, at a time when China could confidently rely upon a large measure of sympathy and support from other nations, because of the high-handed action adopted towards her by Japan in the matter of the "Twenty-one Demands," it was the cupidity and inefficiency of the Chinese Government's representative officials (beginning with the Minister of Finance) which placed Japan in a position still further to dominate and develop the economic resources of Manchuria for her own national advantage. Broadly speaking, it may be said that, since the Revolution, every single one of the political groups which have come into power in China has been willing to permit Japan's encroachments upon China's

sovereignty in Manchuria, at a price which Japan has paid in subsidies and loans. In this respect, Sun Yat-sen himself was little better than Tuan Chi-jui and others of the pro-Japanese Anfu party, whom the patriots of Young China now so fervently denounce. It is pertinent to record the fact that, in 1922, at the time of the Washington Conference, the leaders of the Cantonese party had made common cause with the pro-Japanese faction in the north, just as last year the Independent Military Government at Canton entered into direct negotiations with Tokyo, under circumstances which evoked accusations of treachery from the Nanking Government.

In preserving a magisterial silence in regard to these matters and by consenting to ignore their contributory effect to the actual situation in Manchuria, the Council of the League of Nations tacitly accepts at its face value the assurance of the diplomats and publicists, who now speak for the Nanking Government, when they assert that the methods of that Government are entirely different from those of all its predecessors. It has persistently done so and, in maintaining this attitude, has had the support of a number of the powerful religious, educational and cultural societies, whose propaganda and political influence have played a dominant part in determining British and American policy in China since 1922. But in so doing, the League has deliberately and repeatedly shut its eyes to the realities of the situation, realities that are frankly admitted by the Chinese themselves, except in their face-saving propaganda for foreign consumption. They know all too well that the corruption displayed by officialdom under the Kuomintang régime is more flagrant and rapacious than anything hitherto known in the history of modern China. Dr. Hu Shih, one of the most notable modernist scholars in China to-day, has quite recently declared, at some personal risk, that the habit of bribery is now universal in every branch of Chinese society and that, in the matter of administrative corruption, China leads the world. Every political party in

power is freely denounced by its opponents for acts of maladministration and for wholesale peculation of public funds, in terms more outspoken than anything known to the Board of Censors under the Manchus. Such being the case, the assumption which underlies the uncritical policy and determines the judicial attitude of the League of Nations is manifestly false. If any lasting settlement of the Manchurian problem is to be achieved, this assumption must be abandoned and the realities of the situation, including the consequences of the dominant morality of China's official class, must be squarely faced. In other words, the Chinese Government must be given to understand that it is not in the power of the League of Nations, or any combination of the Powers, permanently to protect the sovereign rights of a country whose officials are prepared to sell, or otherwise sacrifice, them. Such an intimation, politely but firmly conveyed to China's delegates at Geneva, would do far more good than any number of reports by committees of inquiry, on matters which, considered in this light, are of comparatively minor importance.

Recognition of these realities and of their future bearing upon China's claim to be recognized as a fully-organized sovereign State, must of necessity entail recognition of the simple truth that, in order to restore law and order under constituted authority, some form of international intervention is absolutely necessary, some form of administrative tutelage, similar to that exercised by British residents in certain Indian States.

Has the League, with or without the support of the United States, the moral courage to face this simple truth? If not, it were better for it to leave the Far East altogether and henceforth to regard it as outside the sphere of its activities.

"The Roumanian"

By Irina Odoevtzeva

Translated from the Russian by ANNE AGNEW

MICHNOVSKY was a very ordinary man. He lived in Paris in this manner: by day he worked at the Renault factory, at night he ate in a cheap restaurant, and on returning home after a brief rest, he set to work on his translation.

He was translating "Madame Bovary."

Strolling one day by chance along the quays of the Seine he bought for a franc from a bookstall a tattered volume. He carried it home, read it through and, from sheer boredom, started to translate its pages.

This interested him, and for two hours every evening he sat bent over Flaubert.

He knew that "Madame Bovary" had already long ago been translated. But he continued for the relief and consolation it brought him.

Michnovsky laid his work carefully on the table, dipped his pen carefully into the inkstand, closed his eyes, and imagined he had already finished the entire translation, and had copied it in his beautiful, even handwriting into shiny oilcloth copybooks. And that these copybooks stood in rows on the bookshelf brightening up the room.

But when he started to calculate how many days and weeks he would still have to work at it, the more he calculated, the more bored he became.

— Yes, and when it is finished. What then? What use will it be to anyone?

He got up and started to walk from one corner of the room to another.

— I must be very unhappy, he suddenly thought, as if this thought stabbed him.

— At times I feel so sad. Why am I alive? It would be so simple to die . . . death would be so easy . . .

But deep down in him he felt that a faint hope flickered. Quite faint, but smiling he waved his hand.

— Yet we struggle on . . .

He rarely went out in the evening, but now hastily put on his overcoat, brushed his shabby hat and neatly folded his scarf in front of the mirror.

— All the same I am still not bad looking, he reflected, glancing at the young, drawn face—with something tragic in my eyes. — This definition pleased him and he smiled. — And such wonderful teeth! Someone might still fall in love with me!

He went out into the street, drawing his light overcoat still more closely round him. It was very cold. He wanted badly to go into the café. Then to-morrow he would have to miss a meal. Arrived at the Boulevards. The crowds, the noise, the lights seemed all at once to send a glow of warmth through him.

— I shall go into the café. The Devil take it. To-morrow I will fast.

Someone or other caught him by the arm.

— Michnovsky! — the bright penetrating eyes of Orlov looked into his.

— You! I thought you were in Berlin.

— How are you? Orlov looked him over. — Bad?

— In a word. I work at Renault's.

Orlov seized him by the arm. — Come inside where we can talk.

Michnovsky sat drinking beer and eating soft-boiled eggs.

— Yes, your luck has turned. Mine has not. Now tell me. How did you get rich?

Orlov tugged at the fur collar of his coat and, smiling especially amiably, said with a drawl:

— Ball-bearings.

— Ball-bearings? questioned Michnovsky.

— Yes, splendid business. You will see for yourself. — Orlov rubbed his hands. — Throw up your Renault work and come in with me. You see you know French well, while I cannot string two words together, like that you can take charge of the correspondence. Come along. You will get a thousand francs a month.

After the noise of the machinery and factory routine at Renault's, to be sitting in an office at Passy was so peaceful as to be almost bliss. A housemaid in a white apron handed him a letter on a silver salver, and, stepping quietly on the soft carpet, went out and gently closed the door.

Michnovsky read the letter through and placed it on one side, stretched his long legs out before him, and started to admire his new brown, hand-sewn shoes. In these new shoes he had stepped straight into this pleasant care-free existence. He closed his eyes, softly smiling, and said with a drawl:

— Ball-bearings . . .

The translation of "Madame Bovary" lay rolled away together with his old suit in the trunk. Now he did everything of which he had always dreamed. In actual fact it seemed less wonderful, but was pleasant all the same.

* * * * *

Michnovsky and Orlov sat in the stalls watching a revue.

Women dressed as birds of paradise moved about the stage, a man singer in an orange frock-coat sang in a high-pitched voice. The drop-curtain glittered with brilliants; ostrich feathers waved to and fro.

Orlov nudged Michnovsky.

— Now comes the most interesting part.

Into the up to now almost empty boxes well-dressed women hurried.

Suddenly, throughout the theatre, stillness reigned.

— She is a spy, someone seated behind Michnovsky said.

— Nonsense, what are you saying, an English prince nearly shot himself because of her.

The rose-coloured curtain divided.

On to the stage hurriedly entered a very tall, very thin woman with angular shoulders and a small head.

Her black hair appeared varnished.

She wore a bright green dress.

She advanced close up to the footlights, and, opening wide her thin arms, started to sing a fashionable song.

Her voice was deep and husky, she articulated badly, mechanically pronouncing the gay French words.

Her face remained calm and cold.

Having ended the song, she all of a sudden opened her arms sharply like a bird preparing to fly, and raised her eyes. And those large black eyes in the thin face seemed too bright, too daring, and seemed as if they advanced nearer and nearer and peered into the very pupils of the spectators.

Such joyful life throbbed in their glance that they positively terrified and made hearts beat faster and faster.

Although now she twirled round the stage, kicking high with her slender legs, never for one instant did she remove her eyes from the eyes of the spectators.

Michnovsky became disturbed.

Would she never finish?

She bowed awkwardly and, as if she had been stung, ran off into the wings.

Applause burst out and whistling.

A voice shouted — Spy!

But she again made her appearance. This time she wore a soft, full, red dress. She started to sing and dance. Her movements were angular, but supple. It was not dancing, but a kind of strange, stiff, sinuous movement. The red dress swept across the stage. The singing reached almost a shriek. She seemed to express fire, at one and the same time, fire and the victim perishing in it . . .

Cries, applause, hisses.

A crumpled programme fluttered on to the stage. A bald-headed fat man standing up in the front row cried out with an effort: "Infamous, Infamous." Some young man threw down from his box a bunch of red roses.

But she was no longer there.

Without making a bow she had gone.

The curtain had fallen.

Orlov burst out laughing.

— There, what a scandal must have been got up for an advertisement. The Devil knows what is said about this Roumanian. Lies, of course. She has no voice, but a frenzied temperament.

Michnovsky frowned. — She was repellent — he looked at the stage, but the programme no longer afforded him any pleasure. It had all at once become wearisome . . .

At the side door the crowd stood awaiting the *artistes*. At that moment, as Michnovsky and Orlov passed, the door opened and the dancer came hurrying out. From her golden cloak, her glittering diamonds, her black hair and her bright dark eyes rays seemed to shine out. Behind her in a top hat and his evening coat opened wide over his white shirt followed the young man who had thrown the red roses on to the stage.

She stopped, looked into the crowd, and smiled.

— You have been waiting for me — she said expressing her words with difficulty. — Thank you, thank you. Good-night.

The chauffeur held open the door of the car. The motor started, the lamps gleamed.

It seemed to Michnovsky, as to each one in the crowd, that she smiled only at him, and only to him had wished good-night.

He lit a cigarette.

— There is nothing in her. It is all advertisement.

— Yes, of course, agreed Orlov. — but all the same . . .

— Nothing whatever — said Michnovsky, becoming annoyed. — But we will not quarrel about it.

* * * * *

Everything went on as usual.

Everything went well, but Michnovsky was absent-minded and sad.

And the day he bought himself an overcoat with a silk lining (better than the one Orlov wore) and he felt no joy, he began to be disturbed.

— I must be ill. I must see the doctor — he decided, looking up at the spring-like Parisian sky. — I must be

run down and ill. In the spring this sometimes happens. At night he tossed from side to side on his bed and his thoughts were disquieting and confused.

— I am ill, that is all. I must see the doctor— he murmured as he fell asleep.

. . . Volkovo Cemetery. He walked along the path, the yellow dried leaves crackled beneath his feet. Monuments, graves. How pleasant to be back in Russia again, in St. Petersburg. But why was he in a cemetery? It was cold. The bare branches of the birch trees bent and swayed. A big black crow's nest was built among the slender branches. What a number of crows! The crows rested in the birch trees, on the tombstones, and circled above his head. Cawing, heavy flapping of wings. The sky darkened, the cemetery became empty . . . Only outside the mortuary chapel stood an aged beggar woman dressed in black. He was overcome with terror and anguish? Why was he here? The old woman hobbling along came slowly towards him. He wanted to run away, but was rooted to the spot. The old woman came up, now quite close. He looked into the immense, black, proud, joyful eyes.

— The Roumanian, — he cried out as he woke. — The Roumanian, — he repeated as he sat on the bed, —The Roumanian . . .

After this thrice-pronounced word everything became clear . . .

— That is what it is, — he murmured in stupefaction. — That is what it is . . .

* * * * *

Everything went on as usual.

But Michnovsky now thought perpetually of the Roumanian, could not prevent himself thinking of her. With an effort he attempted to recall her face, her chin, her mouth. But could only remember her eyes . . .

He closed his eyes from agitation. Address . . . He must find out her address; how had he not thought of it before? He knew she was no longer dancing, but at the theatre her address must be known.

The doorkeeper in uniform shook his head.

— No, sir, we have not the right.

— But all the same I need it.

— There is nothing to be done, — replied the man, — but the tone of his voice seemed less severe.

Michnovsky pulled out a banknote.

— I should be much obliged to you.

The porter's eyes became narrow and cunning . . .

Michnovsky stood under the porch.

Never before had he been in such a magnificent house. He was afraid. No need to be agitated, he would only inquire if she lived there. Nothing more.

He pushed open the outer door.

The porter bowed low before him.

— Madame will receive you.

. . . Everything occurred so quickly. Michnovsky wanted to explain it was a misunderstanding and he would return another day, but the lift had already stopped. The footman waiting in the corridor led him up to a varnished door.

From behind the door the familiar sound of the guttural voice could be heard.

— Ah ! that . . . But I do not ask you to . . .

— Come in.

The door at once opened wide. A very large room. Flowers everywhere. One of the window blinds was drawn up. The pale light of the day mingled strangely and unpleasantly with the light from the crystal chandeliers. Standing by the fireplace, gazing into the fire, was the young man who that evening had thrown the red roses on to the stage. He was dressed in a French officer's uniform.

Amongst a pile of coloured cushions on the divan reclined the Roumanian. She wore a full, yellow dress. She raised cheerful, questioning eyes at Michnovsky, looking in silence at him as if weighing something. Suddenly stretched out her arms with the familiar movement as of a bird preparing for flight, jumped up and ran forward to meet him.

— You! — at last . . .

As in a dream he kissed her narrow, outstretched hand. He felt like fainting.

— I permitted myself . . . Excuse me . . .

But she cut him short.

— How glad I am that you have come. I have been expecting you for so long.

— It is a misunderstanding, she takes me for someone else. I must explain . . .

— Sit down here on the divan. Closer to me.

She tucked up her legs in their flesh-coloured stockings among the cushions on the divan.

— Ah! how glad I am.

He looked into her eyes quite close, and again as at the theatre their glance penetrated his heart and his breathing came fast. She handed him a box of cigarettes and with her own hand lit the match.

I am cold. Pass me my shawl.

He got up and from the armchair picked up the silken shawl heavily scented with perfume, and placed it round her shoulders. She lifted her long, blackened eyelashes and looked him down from head to foot.

— How tall you are. You must be very strong.

The officer moved away suddenly from the fireplace.

— We had better ring for some more wood, he said.

She looked round.

— What! You are still here? Forgive me, I thought you had gone. It seems, you do not know each other?

Michnovsky pressed the officer's hand.

— You are a Russian?

— Yes.

— An officer?

— I was . . .

— Ah! no, please, no war talk.

Over her shoulder she looked coldly up at the officer.

Michnovsky again sat down beside her.

— I saw you on the stage.

— Stop. Before all I am a woman and not an *artiste*.

But I am so glad you came. To-night I am free and we can dine together. Come for me at eight o'clock. We can go out of Paris. Spring gets into the blood — she said, half joking, half dreamily.

Must he thank her or not? As if seeking aid he glanced towards the officer. But the officer's face was agitated and pale. — What is wrong with him? thought Michnovsky perplexed.

— Go now — she said, — I know you have business. Come back at eight.

She accompanied him to the door.

Again he kissed her fingers, inhaling the overpowering scent of her perfume.

— Remember you have promised to come . . .

— Yes, yes, if I dare . . .

She laughed provocatively and whispered something in his ear.

— Until to-night.

* * * * *

Orlov awaited him at the house.

— Well, where were you? At the office?

— No. I did not go. Listen, lend me your dinner jacket, I am dining with a lady. What do you think of that? — Lend me five hundred francs. Advise me where to take her.

The coat fitted him badly — was too short and too narrow across the shoulders. Michnovsky's long arms hung down from the sleeves.

— No, I shall not wear it, the morning suit is better. I shall say I had no time to change.

At seven-fifty Michnovsky was already seated in the taxi. He carried a bunch of red roses, somehow it seemed easier to arrive with the flowers.

. . . The housemaid opened the door.

— Madame has gone out.

— How? Where?

The housemaid smiled faintly.

— I do not know. Madame does not inform me where she is going.

Orlov raised his eyes in astonishment.

— Back so soon? . . .

Michnovsky only waved his hand in silence.

* * * * *

. . . Nine o'clock in the morning. Half-past nine . . . ten o'clock . . .

Michnovsky walked to the corner and back again. Still early and she would still be asleep. Half-past ten . . . Eleven. Now, he could go in. She would surely be up.

He knocked at the same varnished door.

— Come in.

She was seated at the mirror in front of the window.

—Ah ! it is you. I expected the manicurist.

Her face was tired and yellow. Her short, stringy hair hung down around it.

Michnovsky looked in silence at her.

God, then how ugly she was. How old was she? Fifty?

Through the open door the wide, unmade bed could be seen.

— Yesterday evening you came for me, I forgot to let you know, but I thought you would understand . . .

She raised her eyebrows.

— I must thank you. Yes, you helped me a great deal. You came in at the critical moment. I had some urgent business — she frowned, — extremely important. And thanks to your arrival everything turned out well . . .

— Who are you, and why have you come?

— I . . .

— You are in love with me? In love? Yes?

He shook his head.

— Of course not. They are all alike — she laughed a forced, evil laugh.

— You are a Russian. Former officer! In need, of course! Ah! I know.

She came quite close up to him. She stroked his hair. Her long scented hand covered his eyes.

— Forgive me, it is foolishness. Stop thinking about me. Stop. I am very sorry. But what can I do? Do not come here any more, please. And, above all, do not think of shooting yourself. All that is such nonsense — you will forget.

And the door once again opened. The manicurist came in.

— What a pity I am engaged. I should have liked to have gone on talking to you . . .

She sat down on a small chair, dipped her fingers into a bowl of water.

Steam rose up from the bowl.

He looked at her bare legs in their luxurious red slippers.

. . . The Renault factory. *Madame Bovary* . . . How happy he had been and not realized it . . .

She stretched out damp, soapy, scented hands towards him.

— Good-bye, my friend. Remember what I said to you. Promise me . . .

He walked towards the door.

— She jumped up hurriedly, the bowl upset, the water trickled on to the floor. — I forgot. I meant to give you this, and she handed him a grey envelope.

* * * * *

Only on reaching the "Etoile" did Michnovsky remember the envelope.

Inside it contained her photograph in profile. Not at all like her, having been taken long ago.

Underneath, written in a large round handwriting: "To my unknown friend with gratitude."

And five thousand-franc notes fluttered down on to the ground.

Some Aspects of Life in Soviet Russia

By Christopher Fuller

SCARCELY anyone who has visited Russia of late years, even though only for the space of a few days and under the watchful guidance of the Soviet "In-tourist" Agency, has hesitated to publish an account of his experiences. In defence, however, of my own similar immodesty, I would plead that the journey which I recently made in Russia was in certain respects exceptional. I did not confine myself to the well-known districts around Moscow and Leningrad and the industrial centres of the Ukraine. I travelled through Georgia and remote parts of the Caucasus, and made an extensive tour of Asiatic Russia from the Urals to the very heart of Siberia, including certain regions along the north-west frontier of China. In fact, I think I may claim that, travelling as I did by train, by aeroplane, by motor-car, on horseback and on foot, my journey, in the course of which I covered some 17,000 miles, constitutes, with the exception of the very Far East, a very comprehensive tour of all the more important parts of the entire Soviet Union. My travelling companion, an Englishman, and I both spoke Russian and were unaccompanied throughout by any guide. Thus it was that, entirely unhampered by any form of supervision, we were able to converse with members of all classes of the population and gain for ourselves genuine first-hand impressions. In view of these very exceptional circumstances I do not hesitate to draw a picture of the conditions in Russia to-day, differing in some respects from that presented by previous travellers.

* * * * * *

For little over a decade one-sixth of the earth's surface has lain under the undisputed sway of a Com-

munist Government. Never in his most extravagant dreams could Karl Marx have hoped for more propitious circumstances in which to put his theories to the test. It has become a platitude to say that Communism is a system not for men, but for angels. Year by year the difficulties which face those who are endeavouring to put into practice the theories of " Das Kapital " increase with alarming rapidity. The disillusioned leaders, summoned back from the clouds, are being irresistibly compelled to face realities and to make a hurried retreat from one position to another on the long road back from Communism to autocracy. History may not always repeat itself, but it does at all events move in cycles of varied length. In little over ten years Russia has nearly completed another such cycle. Should this development continue there will soon be little to differentiate the Government of the Union of Socialist Soviet Republics from that of the Czar of All the Russias. Before the Revolution Russia was administered by an autocrat surrounded by a small number of advisers to whom he looked for counsel and support. To-day the position is not very dissimilar. The Soviet Union is dominated by the autocratic will of one man, Joseph Stalin, who, in turn, as its Secretary-General, is dependent upon the goodwill of the Communist party for the continuance of his power. It is true that the Czar was invested with the majesty of an Emperor, coupled with the infallibility of a Pope, whilst Comrade Stalin is but the servant of a sovereign people; the difference, however, is not one of fact, but of phraseology. The Soviet Government find it no longer possible to conceal the despotic nature of the system which they have evolved. In fact, they now make but little attempt to do so. After having proclaimed the inauguration of a system more advanced, more democratic than anything the world had yet seen, they have, of their own admission, returned to the regime of the enlightened despots of the eighteenth century.

The most superficial observer who has travelled

extensively through Russia cannot fail to realize that this reactionary process has already gone further still. A system which has long ago renounced its claim to be a government " of the people, by the people " has even ceased to be a government " for the people." It has developed, in fact, into a government " at the expense of the people." Russia is ruled by the Communist party, or rather by a small clique within it, who impose their will upon the party, which in itself only forms an infinitesimal fraction of the whole Russian people. In every aspect of daily life this ruling caste make their dominating position felt by the rest of the population. Members of the Communist party make a display of their unselfish devotion to ideals by declining to accept more than a maximum salary of 300 roubles a month. Although this is already a very high wage, viewed in the light of present-day conditions in Russia, the sacrifice becomes laughable when we discover the privileges attaching to membership of the party, the most important of which include cheap food, cheap housing, rapid promotion, and positions enjoying innumerable perquisites.

The sugar has worn off the pill. The empty phrases, which for a time concealed the bitter facts, are now accepted at their true value. Proclamations of the Rights of Man, which served to mask the enslavement of a people, have entirely ceased to impress. The weapon of propaganda has been used in Russia with the utmost assiduity and skill. However, the power of publicity, like all things, can be abused, and this is the case in Russia. The Soviet leaders have, after long years, at last killed the goose which laid the golden eggs. The double menace of foreign imperialism and anti-revolutionary sabotage was at first believed, but now that it is served up with each man's daily cup of tea it has lost its meaning. Russian newspapers scarcely contain a single article which could conceivably be of any interest to the ordinary man. Items of daily news, such as we understand them, are rarely printed unless they can be

made to serve some propagandist purpose. To-day the vast majority of the Russian people rarely trouble to look at a newspaper. Those who do so must content themselves with a few pages of indifferent print, containing little else than falsified figures regarding the latest "achievement" of the Five Year Plan, or photographs of some selected members of an exemplary "shock brigade."

The weapon of propaganda has been launched against every enemy, real or imaginary, with all the furtive craft and ingenuity which the Slav and Semitic mind could muster; but it is undoubtedly against Religion that the most relentless attack has been directed. Mankind throughout the ages has felt an instinctive desire for some form of spiritual expression. The more primitive a people, the greater their need for religious belief. Although, in what used to be known as Holy Russia, no effort has been spared to extirpate the name of God, the conception of the Supreme Being has, nevertheless, remained unassailable. An opulent and influential priesthood, formerly the butt of many a justifiable criticism, has been mercilessly butchered, imprisoned, or driven into exile. Shrines have been either disfigured or demolished. God's Houses, converted in many cases into anti-religious museums, have been transformed into the strongholds of His bitterest foes. For this very reason the Church to-day, shorn of her rites and despoiled of her glories, hanging as the Son of Man amongst thieves upon Calvary, makes an elementary appeal to a people, persecuted and oppressed like herself. The older generation, brought up in the rigid tenets of the Orthodox creed, cannot easily forget their Faith. Those who for a while forsook Religion are now instinctively returning to it, finding in their ancient Faith the sole consolation in their present misery and despair. The younger generation of grown-up people, who were brought up without religious instruction are few and consist only of those born between 1907 and 1912. Those born before

1907 can remember their early teaching, whilst those born after 1912 are not yet grown up. However, in numerous conversations with young men and women in the early twenties, I observed no marked godlessness. Though none of them could remember conditions before the Revolution, all were agreed that the present state of affairs, from every point of view, was intolerable and, as is usual in every country, they attributed their misery to the Government. The extirpation of religion was, in their view, in common with the prohibition of private trading, the interference in home life, and the Five Year Plan responsible for the present disastrous state of affairs. As a young peasant of twenty-two in a Siberian village said to me: "Since we turned out God things have gone badly with us."

However, it is not surprising that the population of Russia, however inherently religious they may be, accept the onslaughts upon their Faith with considerable apathy. The problem of daily life, or rather the elementary problem of continuing to exist at all, is more than enough to occupy each man's whole attention. Of all the innovations introduced by the Government since the Revolution, the Five Year Plan has had the most distressing effect upon general conditions. The shortage of food and of other essentials of life, always serious in Russia, has become in the last years acute. Moreover, the true cause of this state of affairs has become common knowledge amongst the sufferers. Even the most ignorant peasant is familiar with the fact that machinery for the hated Five Year Plan is being bought abroad with the bread and butter of which he, with his wife and his children stand in such sore need. In all the villages I visited in the heart of the grain-growing country of Siberia, I had the greatest difficulty in procuring even a few pieces of bread. As for eggs and butter I saw neither throughout my whole tour in Russia, except in Moscow and Leningrad, where I stayed in hotels which catered exclusively for foreigners, Sugar is practically unobtainable. Strangely-tasting

sweets, the composition of which I should not care to analyze, can sometimes be procured and are used for sweetening tea. Owing to deficient organization, such meat as there is usually reaches the consumer in a condition which makes it more than doubtful as to whether he would be wise in eating it. An extreme case of the scarcity of food is worth quoting. The only edible substance in an entire village in the Caucasus where I spent a night was a limited number of evil-tasting cucumbers bottled in vinegar. The villagers, whose kindly hospitality was touching, were profuse in their apologies for being unable to offer to the traveller anything more appetizing. Fortunately perhaps, the wretched inhabitants do not appear to realize to the full extent their lamentable situation. Through years of gradually increasing misery they have grown in some degree inured to the pangs of hunger. I, for my part, suffered throughout my entire journey either from hunger or, what was worse, acute indigestion, the result of unwholesome food. Had it not been for a supply of milk tablets and concentrated meat cubes, which I had brought with me from England, I do not believe I should have been able to bring myself to endure the privations of the journey. In my frequent conversations with Russians of every kind, with the exception of Communists and officials, who lead a comparatively sheltered existence, I was much struck by one circumstance in particular. Unlike people with whom one converses in other countries, they were only interested in one subject. I was never asked whether in England we suffered from a housing problem, whether there was unemployment or whether wages were good. One question alone was repeatedly and eagerly put to me and that usually in much the same form: "Are the people hungry in your country also?"

Not unnaturally the peasants, whose occupation it is to produce the food, are those who most resent this artificial shortage. The country folk, who form the vast majority of the Russian population, are easy-going,

lovable people. The peasant with his slow wits and conservative ideas is startled and shocked by the drastic innovations of the Government. Love of the land and respect for the time-honoured customs of village agriculture are deeply ingrained in his very soul. Consequently, the drastic efforts of the authorities in Moscow, by means of collectivized farms, to proletarianize the agricultural worker have made of him an open foe of the system. In spite of the ruthless penalties attaching to acts of opposition or obstruction, the peasants have clung with animal stubbornness to the old methods which they hold sacred. A farmer in whose cottage I lived for a few days in a typical Siberian village not far from the former Ekaterinenberg told me that until a few months previously he had persistently held out against the most oppressive efforts on the part of the authorities to induce him to abandon individualist methods. At first he had been taxed double, then three and four times as much as those who had submitted to pressure. Acre by acre, under one pretext or another, he had been compelled to give up his land until he had now less than a quarter of what he originally possessed. He had been so excessively taxed for the few horses, cows, chickens and the small potato patch he owned that he could hardly squeeze out of his earnings enough to keep him and his old wife in the essentials of life. Even the furniture in his house, under some groundless pretext, had been confiscated and he had been driven to borrow from his neighbours a bed and a few of the most necessary items of furniture. Finally, on the grounds of his failure to pay his taxes promptly, his house itself had been threatened. In addition to this, it was made abundantly clear to him that if he resisted further he and his family would, along with so many of their kind, be despatched to some distant concentration camp, to pass the rest of their days hewing timber or baking bricks. Nevertheless, remarkable as it may seem, in spite of the terrorist methods adopted by the Soviet officials, some 45 per

cent. of the inhabitants of this particular village still stubbornly refused to enter the collectivized farm.

In consequence of the implacable hostility of the peasantry, the new system of village farming is not given a fair trial. In fact, in another village which I visited, the collectivized farm, in spite of the advantages of expert advice and labour-saving machinery, was producing less than two-thirds of the previous yield of the same acreage. All incentive to work has disappeared. Each man admittedly receives his share of the produce of the land, calculated according to the number of hours' work he has performed. However, before the harvest is shared out a certain percentage is deducted by the State as payment for agricultural machinery and other assistance provided. This in itself seems reasonable, but in point of fact the payment thus levied is so far out of proportion to the services rendered that only the merest gleanings remain to be divided up amongst the peasants. The latter, knowing, on the one hand, that they cannot well be allowed actually to die of starvation, and on the other, that however hard they work they will not be permitted to retain more than the barest necessities of life, are not unnaturally disinclined to over-exert themselves in an effort to produce a record harvest.

(To be continued)

A Knight of Malta

By Valentine O'Hara

THE last Russian Minister to the Sovereign Military Order of St. John of Jerusalem in Malta at the time of its downfall in 1798 was an Irishman born in Italy (his mother was French), Antony Maria Marcellus O'Hara, a Knight of Malta and a colonel in the Russian army. He never set foot in Ireland, where his father, who also attained the rank of colonel in the Russian army, was born in the early 1700's. At that time the "Wild Geese" were in full flight abroad. In their wake Charles Hubert O'Hara, Antony's father, spread his wings for France at the age of seven. Charles eventually joined the Irish Brigade, passed on to the Austrian army, and ended his days in the service of Catherine the Great in 1774. His death was recorded on a mural tablet in one of the churches in Wyborg, Finland, where he was buried. Little more is known of him beyond what may be gleaned from letters left by his son.

Antony had more opportunities than had his father of distinguishing himself in life. There was a moment, indeed, when this eye-witness of the Maltese Tragedy—where, incidentally, he played no mean rôle—might have altered the course of history, when he might have brought about the triumph of the Illustrious Order over its domestic foe and with it some sort of restoration of its sovereign independence, in so far as this sovereignty could ever be said to be independent. Hompesch, the last Grand-Master, had been an utter failure as a ruler. O'Hara was the leader marked out for an expeditionary force organized in Naples to effect a landing in Malta and overthrow the French usurpers of power. When the moment came to act he was ready. It certainly was not O'Hara's fault, as we shall see, that the plan fell through. Those interested in historical research will find but few references to this in chronicles and records of the time. Antony O'Hara's place, indeed, is rather in the footnotes of history. But even from this point of view his is an

arresting figure, and the story of his life as gleaned from the letters he has left us is not devoid of a certain dramatic interest.

Among many notes and memoranda in my possession concerning the Irish Jacobites, who, after the Treaty of Limerick in 1691, found refuge abroad in military service, I have come across curious references to Antony O'Hara. A more recent discovery in the form of a correspondence of his, covering, roughly speaking, the period from 1780 to 1805, brings into stronger relief this ambitious but honest soldier of fortune, so full of unquenchable optimism, yet utterly devoid of the saving element of humour, so constitutionally incapable of realizing the importance and significance of the vast changes that were passing him by, yet so unconsciously eloquent and revealing in the casual notes he has left us of men and things that mattered in his time. We see before us a man of cultured and refined tastes, constantly shocking us, however, by his fantastic and even ludicrous exhibitions of family pride; a knight-errant, who might well have stepped out of the pages of Cervantes; a lonely, rather pathetic but romantic figure; a quaint survival of the outworn medievalism that was to lag superfluous on our stage until it was so rudely swept aside by Napoleon in his meteoric career.

For many years Antony O'Hara kept up a lively correspondence, mostly in French, with his kinsman, Charles O'Hara, a member of Parliament for the County of Sligo during forty years, a sturdy opponent of the Union, who died in 1820. This Charles was the son of another Charles, also a member of Parliament for Sligo, who died in 1776. Charles the Elder, it may be mentioned parenthetically, was in frequent correspondence with Edmund Burke, who, in a series of unpublished letters I have had the privilege of reading, repeatedly refers to Charles the Younger ("Our Charles") and his brother William, a captain in the Royal Navy, who died in 1790. "Our Charles" was then a youngster of

considerable promise. His father, to judge from Burke's letters, must have been a man of rare personal charm, of great culture, and with a wide range of interests. In him certainly Burke found a most stimulating guide, philosopher and friend.

But to come back to Antony O'Hara. He had a very definite object in starting this particular correspondence. He wanted to be enrolled as a Knight of Justice in the Maltese Order, at that time the wealthiest, the most powerful and also the most exclusive of all Catholic Orders of Chivalry in Europe. It offered brilliant prospects to a man of his ambitious and sanguine temperament. To gain his immediate object he had to prove his quarters of nobility, and give evidence of his age, religious profession and social standing. His ambition was eventually realized, thanks in the first instance to the support received from the Cardinal of York, known to the adherents of the Stuart cause as Henry IX, King of England; secondly, to the interest of the Defender of the Orthodox Faith (via Luth . .) the Russian Empress, Catherine the Great; and, thirdly, to that of his Irish kinsman, a stout Protestant, without whose all-powerful protection at the time he, as a mere Roman Catholic, would have found it almost impossible to obtain from the office of the Ulster King-at-Arms the formal acknowledgment of his " proofs of nobility."

In this connection the following entries copied from the archives of the Maltese Order in Valetta (the originals are in Latin) may interest the reader. They indicate the first steps of Antony's progression in the Order.

(1) From the " Book of Bulls " under the heading " Litteræ Apostolicæ (Pius P.P. vi)" :—

> Concerning the Noble Antony Ô-hâra. Our well-beloved Antony Ô-hâra has recently made it known to Us through you (i.e., the Petitioner, Cardinal Braschi*) that he, being inspired

* Giovanni Angelo Braschi, Pope Pius VI, had two nephews, the sons of a Marquis Girolamo Onesti. They assumed the name of Braschi, the elder, Luigi, being created Duke of Nemi, the younger, Romualdo, " le Cardinal-Neveu," being the petitioner above referred to.

by a sentiment of deep devotion to the Hospital of St. John of Jerusalem, ardently desires to wear the Gold Cross of the aforesaid Hospital. . . . Herewith We grant his prayer so that by virtue of these Present Letters and of Our Apostolic Authority he may fully and freely be entitled to wear the aforesaid Gold Cross of Devotion hung round his neck. No obstacles, etc., etc. . . . Dated at St. Peter's, Rome, under the Ring (Seal) of the Fisherman, *March* 14, 1790, in the 16th year of Our Pontificate, etc., etc. . . ."

(2) From the "Minutario" under the heading "Salvi Conductus et Scripturæ Diversæ 1790":—

June 7, 1790. A Bull has been issued authorizing the Noble Antony Ô-hârạ to wear the Gold Cross of Devotion, etc., etc. . . . but only on the understanding that this privilege shall become null and void should he take to himself a wife of inferior condition to his own, etc., etc. . . ."

This assertion of the social exclusiveness of the Order was evidently most gratifying to Antony.

Antony was now forty years of age, a time of life when, the cynic says, the probability of the triumph of hope over experience can be considerably discounted. As a matter of fact he never married, although he was far from being a misogynist. Was it that he could not find his equal in birth to share his lot? Was it that in single blessedness he found more solace for a broken heart? Discreet references in some of his letters rather credit the latter suggestion. As to his devotion to the Hospital we gather than it was more inspired by the distinction it conferred on its very select membership, by the favours and privileges it offered, than by such considerations as had guided the pious merchants of Amalfi, when, in the latter half of the eleventh century, they founded the Hospital in Jerusalem for the care and cure of sick pilgrims to the Holy Sepulchre.

Of course, meanwhile the whole conception of the original foundation had changed. It had gone the way of so many other institutions where little more than the legend survives. From a humble, charitable body of the most beneficent character (the first head of the Hospital called himself the humble rector and the guardian of the

poor of Jesus Christ), ever striving to extend its work of ministering to the wants of the sick and suffering, the foundation had gradually, and of necessity, grown into a military organization, attracting adventurous blood from every part of the world, and eventually developing into an order of chivalry where humility and Christian service were to be more conspicuous as elegant gestures and figures of speech than as the plain and simple practices of everyday life. The humble rector of the Hospital was now the Grand-Master of a Sovereign Order. The guardian of the poor of Jesus Christ was now the guardian of the army of Christ. The generous fervour and the self-sacrificing devotion of the Brethren of St. John of Jerusalem had made way for the narrow pride and petty vanity of the Knights of Malta, characteristics which were so much in evidence on the very eve of the downfall of the Order.

In March 1797, the Emperor Paul I, the crazy fantast who succeeded Catherine the Great in November 1796, offered O'Hara the post of Acting Minister to the Sovereign Order in Malta, pending the retirement of the actual Minister, Admiral Psaro. It was not until the end of the month that Antony O'Hara left St. Petersburg for his new post. The journey from the capital to Riga took just three days. Four months later, in July 1797, he had succeeded in reaching Malta after many delays. *En route* he spent three weeks at Brünn with his cousin, Count Francis Taaffe of Ellischau Castle in Bohemia, with whom, as we shall see, he was in frequent correspondence. At Vienna he had to stop nine weeks because the French armies barred his way south.

Hompesch, the newly-elected Grand-Master and the only one of German origin to hold the post, was particularly well-disposed to O'Hara. He had started his career in the Order at the age of twelve as page to the then Grand-Master, and had rapidly risen to distinction. From 1792 to 1797 he had been Ambassador of the Order to the Imperial Court at Vienna. During this period the German element in him came to the fore, and he was soon

to be known as the willing creature and ready tool of Austria. His election and "exaltation" to the Grand-Mastery had immediately followed what might be termed the translation to another sphere of de Rohan, who on his deathbed had declared: "I am the last Grand-Master of an Illustrious and Independent Order" —a prophetic judgment, indeed, of his successor Hompesch, whose election to the Grand-Mastery he deemed to be inevitable. Before a year had passed the Sovereign Order had been humbled to the dust, and its independence was lost for ever.

In the month of April 1798, O'Hara was definitely appointed by the Emperor Paul I to be his Minister in Malta. In view of his close friendship with Hompesch his prospects were now of the most brilliant. O'Hara evidently had his eye on the Catholic (i.e. Polish) Priory under the newly-formed Russian Grand Priory, or else on the nominal Irish Priory, the titular head of which just then was a Portuguese of the name of Carvalho Pinto. The Russian Grand Priory had nearly 100 Commanderies at its disposal. Apart from family commanderies, higher posts like the Priories, were strictly reserved for professed Knights, i.e. for Knights who had taken the vow of perpetual chastity.

O'Hara did not hesitate long in making the great renunciation. "At the solicitation" of his friend the Grand-Master he implored the Emperor's permission to be professed, which was graciously accorded. In this way he was assured of obtaining immediately a Russian Commanderie. He calculated that the emoluments of this post and of another Commanderie that the Grand-Master had already earmarked for him, would, in addition to his salary as Russian Minister to the Order, bring him in a regular income of between fourteen to fifteen thousand Maltese *écus* (i.e. about £1,500)—a very considerable sum in those days. At the same time he could not help indulging in fond regrets. He had been feeling very lonely indeed in his new surroundings. . . . To think that but a few years ago in Russia he might definitely

have linked his destiny with the lady of his heart. But why dwell on the irrevocable past? At that time what prospects had he, a poor soldier, to offer a woman worthy of the best that love could bestow? . . . " Je fus trop délicat. Un autre fut heureux, et il est digne de son bonheur." . . . They had parted for ever. She had married another.

While he was engaged in these considerations O'Hara was busy in yet another direction. He was flattered by the thought that it might be possible for him to combine his post of Russian with that of British Minister to the Order, in a word, to serve not only two, but three masters at one and the same time, viz., Russia, England and Malta. It sounds fantastic, but O'Hara was quite serious, and as, judging from this correspondence, he was never inclined—a disinclination always expressed in the most flowery language—to let people know more than what he wanted them to know, there is reason to believe that in this case he knew exactly what he was aiming at.

* * * * *

As we shall see, O'Hara had a most difficult rôle to play in Malta. And not in Malta alone. First and foremost there was his career in the Sovereign Order to be considered, for him the chief concern. Then as Russian Minister he had to follow instructions from headquarters that were often most distasteful. Moreover, he had many bitter enemies in Russia, only too ready to stab him in the back. At the same time he was on the very friendliest terms with the British Minister in St. Petersburg, Sir Charles Whitworth, who, it is evident, knew how to make the most of these relations, not always to O'Hara's advantage. Le Chevalier de Whitworth certainly succeeded in playing up to le Chevalier O'Hara by promising that he would so arrange matters that O'Hara would be able to double up the post of British Minister in Malta with that of Russian Minister without putting the British Government to any expense whatsoever.

Never had Antony O'Hara felt so supremely happy as

at this period of his life. Fortune seemed to smile on all his ventures. Then suddenly came the bolt from the blue. Valetta the impregnable, this fortress built by Nature against infection and the hand of war, was now basely surrendered into the hands of the enemy. Treason had done its worst. Malice domestic had at last accomplished what foreign levy had so signally failed to effect during almost 270 years of sovereign rule under the Grand-Masters of the Order. By the treachery of a band of recreant French Knights, and with the connivance of the local nobility and the native inhabitants, who had always been rigidly excluded from any participation in the rule of the Order, Buonaparte, "the infamous brigand," was now master of the situation. And all this had happened within forty-eight hours of his arrival before the island stronghold in June 1798! Yes, the vision now was ended for Antony O'Hara. And what of the visioned future he had so fondly imagined?

Scant was the ceremony accorded to the Russian Minister by Buonaparte on this occasion. "It was with the greatest difficulty," we read in L. de Boisgelin's "Histoire de Malte," "that the Knights of Castille and Bavaria succeeded in saving the Russian Minister (Chevalier O'Hara), who, spurred on by the impetuous ardour of generous indignation, rushed into the very midst of these miscreants in a vain endeavour to prevail on them to return to their allegiance and duty. The ruffians, however, turned against him, fully decided to wreak vengeance on him for wresting from their murderous grip the booty and plunder they had got together. . . . Chevalier O'Hara was ordered to quit Malta within three hours."

We have O'Hara's own account—unfortunately a somewhat belated one—of his hurried departure from Malta and of the peculiar incidents connected with it. From a letter to Charles O'Hara dated May 14, 1799, from "Vienna in Austria," we learn that in previous letters, one especially sent from Naples immediately on his arrival there within a week of the fall of Malta, he had given "succinct details of this unhappy event." That

letter, forwarded through his friend the British Minister at the Court of the King of Naples, Sir William Hamilton (O'Hara constantly made use of these diplomatic channels for forwarding correspondence), never reached its destination. There is reason to believe that this was no mere accident. The communication was evidently of a very secret kind, and contained valuable information. For two years Antony heard no news from Charles O'Hara in Ireland.

And so O'Hara fled and made his way to Naples. He had managed to save all the important Legation papers and some few personal belongings. He was practically stranded, but at least he was among old friends. In this number he could count Sir William Hamilton, the British Minister, who was not only one of the most influential figures in Neapolitan society—he had earlier been known as the best dancer at the Neapolitan Court—he was also the wiliest of diplomatists and the most munificent (in a peculiar Scotch way) of art patrons. Antony O'Hara was particularly drawn to Hamilton, " a man after my own heart," according to Nelson—a fellow-feeling, no doubt, fully shared by Charles Greville, Hamilton's favourite nephew, through whose kind offices Emma Hart, the " divine lady " of some of Romney's greatest inspirations, was to find a singularly devoted husband. During his enforced sojourn of over four months in Naples, O'Hara must frequently have come across Lady Hamilton and Nelson, who towards the end of September 1798 had been instructed to make his headquarters in this capital. Just then the Hero of the Nile was solving most successfully a complex problem of domestic felicity. What did O'Hara think of all this? Did not the fond regrets that had stirred him a year ago to pen the pretty phrase: *Je fus trop délicat. Un autre fut heureux, et il est digne de son bonheur*, recur to him now, charged with mocking irony. Or did he dismiss the whole thing from his mind as lightly as did Nelson's bosom friend, " the man after my own heart "? O'Hara does not tell.

One Thing and Another

By J. B. Morton

[*Below will be found further extracts from the diary kept by Miss Agnes Fiddington.*]

March 26th.—Here I am back at dear old Abbots Pudding for Easter. I have been helping to arrange the flowers in the church for to-morrow's Easter Sunday service. Mr. Daddle, the vicar, is at his wits' end because his parishioners will not come to the services. He has tried preaching sporting sermons, and floodlighting the porch, and having one verse of each hymn sung by the boy scouts alone, but still the villagers stay away. One of the County Corps of Lady Helpers suggested that much might be done by encouraging the young people to attend Sympathy Hours on Saturday afternoons. The idea is that the girls and men should sit quite quietly in the village institute until it occurs to one of them to offer spontaneous sympathy to another. The lady's idea, as she expressed it to me, is that " friendships built upon such an ethereal base will be bound to burgeon. And when the first stirrings of better and nobler impulses are felt, it will be the vicar's task to encourage and stimulate such promptings into a passionate desire to do the right thing as ardent churchgoers." When I told her that I didn't think it would be much fun for the young people to sit in the institute all the afternoon, she said, " We must begin by dismissing from our minds this modern spectre, Fun, which haunts the youth of the country." I suppose she means well, but it is all rather absurd. As a matter of fact I am alarmed at the number of schemes that appear to be on foot in the village at present. Everybody seems to be meddling with the private lives of the working-people. I find that one of our maids has been inveigled into joining a local reading-club, where the members read to each other passages from the novels of the moment. Poor Fanny, our maid, was made to read aloud from a book called " The Fountain "

for nearly an hour, while Miss Grubb, the President of the club, interpolated explanations every few minutes.

March 28th.—Bank Holiday. In the morning Joan rang up to say that she and some friends were going to motor down to see me. They arrived about lunch time in a very rowdy mood. One of the young men had a cocktail-shaker in his hand when he got out of the car, and another was asleep in the back seat. Joan complained that the behaviour of people in charabancs was completely spoiling Easter. There was an amusing scene in the afternoon when Miss Farrant, the Lady Helper, came in to tea. She found Joan and the rest of us dancing to the gramophone, with the rugs rolled up and flung into corners. Before she could protest Miss Farrant was seized by a man and whirled round the room. "Any friend of mine is a friend of ours," he shouted at her. She looked at me as though I had gone utterly to the dogs, and left as soon as she could get out of the door.

March 30th.—I went for a long walk in the woods to-day, and ran into an astonishing sight. A body of "hikers," about two hundred strong, was marching alone one of the lanes through the woods. They were all dressed alike, and each wore round his neck a red, white and blue ribbon to which was attached a medal or badge. They were singing "Land of Hope and Glory," and the girls and men had linked arms. I discovered later that they had all come from London by a train whose destination had not been divulged, and that they were all on their way to join another similar body for an evening of chanties round the camp fire. They had left behind them, at intervals, printed notices, which they had pinned to the boles of the trees, forbidding anybody to leave scraps of paper or cigarette ends on the ground. The notices forbidding the picking of wild-flowers, the sign-posts pointing to "beauty-spots," the arrows directing walkers to the nearest hotel, and the advertisements of tinned foods and petrols and model estates completed the ruin of these woods that used to be so lovely. But

when I left the woods, and emerged on to the road I could hardly believe my eyes. As far as my sight would reach there was a forest of boards of all sizes and shapes. Apparently various building syndicates have bought up a quantity of land round here. I turned back in disgust and, taking another path homewards, found myself on a sort of speed-track, lined with people who had come to watch a motor-cycle trial. And in London I had been dreaming of Abbots Pudding as a peaceful refuge from the speed and noise and ugliness of modern life! Poor old Abbots Pudding!

April 3rd.—A man forced his way into the house and tried to sell me a wireless set. I told him I didn't want one. He said, with a charming smile, "Everybody wants one. You mean that you haven't realized that you want one. The desire is there, subliminal, if you like, but capable of rising at any moment from the deeps of your being, and becoming articulate." This was certainly a strange way of trying to sell something. I said, "I've told you I don't want the thing. Please be good enough to go away." He replied, "You are repressing a natural instinct. I will leave you to think over what I have said. Here's my card. When you have admitted to yourself that you want this set, give me a ring, and I'll be along." I took the card, to get rid of him. On it was written :—

MR. F. G. BENROYAL,
Agent for Knockem & Softasilk, the Sets that Satisfy.
First-Class Honours in Salesmanship, Cambridge University.
Fibstein Medallist, 1928; Grosch Prize, 1929.

April 4th.—The salesman called again. He said, "I know that you will not yet confess that you want that set, but the wish is already breaking through your subconscious resistance. The mere fact that you listen to me and do not turn me out is ample proof of the

losing battle which you are fighting—so gallantly, if I may say so." I said, "The only reason I do not turn you out is because I find your impudence so amusing." "It isn't that," he said, "It is because you want already to hear more about the set." "Look here," I said, "This is getting beyond a joke. Please go at once." I think he saw that I meant what I said, and he went rather sheepishly. At the door he made a pathetic attempt to assume the old confident smile. But it was a failure.

April 5th.—Miss Farrant has started her Sympathy Hours, but the first one broke up in confusion as she discovered a couple in a corner who had developed mutual sympathy to such an extent that the girl was being heartily kissed by the man. Miss Farrant explained to a cackling and guffawing assemblage that a colder and less demonstrative form of sympathy was her aim. Her temper was not improved by the arrival, at the end of an hour, of the Folk-Dancing Committee, who had engaged the institute for the same evening. There were high words between Miss Farrant and Miss Blood; the latter going so far as to hint that the Lady Helper was "encouraging amours of a transient nature." I say once more: poor old Abbots Pudding! It seems to be in the grip of the cranks and faddists.

April 7th.—No peace at all. This afternoon the wife of a writer who lives in the village called on me, and asked me what I proposed to do about the Liberal Summer School. I said I did not propose to do anything about it. Whereupon she said, "I think you will change your mind when you have heard this." She then produced from her bag a pile of leaflets, and began to read to me from one of them. "This," she said, tapping the paper, "is our call to the youth of the British Isles. Our object is the ending of humbug and shilly-shally tactics. Our methods are plain-speaking, fearless statement of essentials, and a return to first principles. I asked her which section of the Liberal Party she belonged to, and she said, "Liberals may be various but Liberalism, at its heart, is one and

indivisible." I told her that I was not a Liberal, and she replied, "Oh, come now, Miss Fiddington. That is a quibble. You must face facts as they are. Surely you do not want our country to perish through the futility of those who betray their trust?" I said that nothing was further from my wishes. "Then," said she triumphantly, "you are one of us. You are a Liberal, and this call is addressed to you. Will you not help to set our country where she once stood?" I said I must have time to think about it. "Rome burns," she retorted, "while the people fiddle. But I will leave these leaflets for you to study."

April 9th.—I begin to think that London will be almost a haven of repose after what was to have been a restful holiday down here. They are building an arterial road near the house, and the noise is frightful. A lot of the old houses that were in the way have been demolished, and the people who lived in them have been put into new model dwellings a mile away. Unfortunately, they were so hastily built that there is no daylight in the rooms, and the electric light has to burn all day. To add to the troubles of the wretched people, they can't get a licence for a public house, owing to the opposition of a number of women, and they have to walk over a mile to the "Lamb." As for the new road that is the cause of all the trouble, the first few hundred yards of it were completed a month ago, I am told, and were instantly condemned.

April 10th.—A cadaverous gentleman in thick glasses came this morning, and tried to interest me in the local branch of the Town and Country Planning League. He said that everything must be swept away and a new start made, and he had a lot of drawings, which he called "The Abbots Pudding of 1950." It was a rectangular village, with tall concrete buildings. The most prominent feature, however, was a litter-dump attached to each building. Other buildings that caught my eye were a swimming bath, a gymnasium, a Hall of Eurhythmics,

and an open-air debating school. The cadaverous gentleman blinked through his spectacles and said that health was the keynote of the village of the future, and that if beautiful buildings arose strong and beautiful men and women would follow as a matter of course. "Bronzed giants," he said, "will inherit the earth." I was two hours getting rid of him.

April 12th.—Heavens above! What next? A fussy little woman who is a newcomer to the village said she had heard all about me and my father, and then solemnly asked me if I would accept the position of Deputy-Colonel of the Abbots Pudding and Farthing Magna Rover Girls. She said, "I want to do for Abbots Pudding what I did for Jessop's Cross. I want to train up a fine body of Rover Girls for the Empire, and you, Miss Fiddington, must take the salute next Wednesday at the Grand March Past. Major Thaplow has promised to address us, and Miss Powthe will cut the cake in the tea-tent afterwards. We will not take no for an answer." Well, I knew she wouldn't. So I said I should be back in London on the great day. "Then," said she, "send us a few heartening words by telegram." She was about to go when another woman arrived with tickets which she was selling. They were for a whist-drive, and I saw the fussy woman stiffen with disgust.

Almost in despair I went out after lunch to the hills, three miles to the west of the village. To my horror I found that Saxonbarrow Hill was already parcelled out into avenues and building plots. It was called the Saxonbarrow Heights Estate, and one of the newly-completed bungalows was called Saxonbarrow Manor. A golf-course was being made in the valley.

I decided to return to London as soon as possible.

April 14th.—The irresponsible gaiety of Joan and her friends is almost a relief after the dreadful busybodies in the country. After all, Joan does not want to improve anybody, but she succeeds in making quite a number of people happy. She said to me, "I fully expected to

hear that you had become a girl-guide and were about to marry an athletic curate. By the way, Tommy talked in his sleep again the other night at the Superb, and we had to break glasses and plates as hard as we could go, to prevent Rose from hearing what he was saying. When we'd broken everything in reach we got the band to play some Wagner."

April 17th.—The town-planning man at Abbots Pudding has sent me a long letter all about raising funds for his schemes, and then four pages about bringing up everybody to walk gracefully by giving them pure food and housing them hygienically. I showed the letter to Joan, and she said, "We'd better send him along a few mannequins, I think, before he becomes peevish."

LITERARY SUPPLEMENT

Edited by HERBERT AGAR

Literary Notes	*By Herbert Agar*
Books Recommended :	
All Length is Torture	*By Hugh Kingsmill*
Manchuria : The Cockpit of Asia	*By J. O. P. Bland*
Europe and China	*By J. O. P. Bland*
The Complete Whig	*By Francis Toye*
The Last Crusader	*By D. C. Somervell*
The Twain Shall Meet	*By Richard Church*

Literary Notes

By Herbert Agar

Science and Pseudo-Criticism

NO form of modern thought is more painful than the literary criticism based on psychology or anthropology. The worst faults of such criticism are illustrated in " James Joyce and the Plain Reader," by Mr. Charles Duff, with a prefatory letter by Professor Herbert Read (Harmsworth). The most irritating of these faults is the irrelevant scientific reference. Professor Read, for example, writes : " One either accepts or rejects the Freudian hypothesis. I accept it, and therefore do not find it difficult to accept (and enjoy) the prose art of Joyce." From this the reader might assume that if he persists in rejecting the prose art of Joyce he will be flying in the face of modern science. Unfortunately, he will be doing nothing of the sort.

The " Freudian Hypothesis "

THE " Freudian hypothesis " states that a large part of our emotions and our acts (and hence the reasons

with which we justify these emotions and acts) are determined by forces of which we are unaware. It is assumed that these forces (loosely described as the unconscious) are related to the fundamental sexual instinct, and that the reason they remain unknown is that they are repugnant to the conscious mind. Conflicts between the conscious personality and this hypothetical Unconscious are believed to be the cause of certain hysterical and neurotic states; and psycho-analysis is a method of treatment that seeks to cure these states by modifying the unconscious determinism and giving the conscious personality more strength and more control.

Why Drag in Freud ?

WHAT has all this to do with the work of Mr. James Joyce? Nothing at all. The essence of Mr. Joyce's art—and it is this which accounts for his attention to the bathroom and the brothel—is the attempt to give a detailed description of even the most elusive workings of consciousness. Random thoughts and daydreams are recorded; nothing is suppressed on the grounds of indecency; in " Work in Progress " even the attenuated consciousness of dreams, and of the half-waking state, is explored. But why—except that the mere mention of dreams reminds him of Freud—should a literary critic discuss this in terms of the psychology of the Unconscious? Joyce is not writing about the Unconscious—which, by definition, is unconscious, and not to be recorded in words. Joyce is not attempting to cure hysteria or neurosis, or to consider the philosophical and moral issues that are implicit in the theory of the Unconscious. Joyce—like all other novelists—is trying to create characters by a narration of acts and thoughts. He differs from most novelists in wishing to narrate all acts and all thoughts. But if a reader finds this method half-tedious and half-disgusting, it is nonsense to defend Joyce by appealing to the " Freudian hypothesis." Or to the hypotheses of thermodynamics.

"Coldly Anthropological"

EVEN more silly is the reference to anthropology. Mr. Duff writes that Joyce "regards all cults from a coldly anthropological standpoint, and this makes his writings unacceptable to the older generation of English people, to many Americans, and to puritans and hypocrites everywhere." If there is one thing that anthropologists are without, it is coldness of standpoint. They are an overheated and cantankerous tribe, most of whose leisure and much of whose working lives are devoted to the exploding of each other's reputations. But even if anthropology were all that these trustful critics think it, of what use is such a standpoint to the novelist, whose task is to create the hearts and minds of men? If Mr. Joyce really did take a "coldly anthropological" view of the "cults" that have determined so much of human history, and that still colour the minds of all men on earth, his novels would be unacceptable to the entire human race, including even Mr. Duff and Professor Read. Actually, Mr. Joyce's attitude toward the cults is one of ferocity and hatred—which is far healthier than anthropological chill.

High Seriousness

IT is impossible to estimate the poverty of spirit, or the merciless lack of humour, of these science-mongering critics except by comparing them with a critic in the grand style. Mr. Chesterton's "Chaucer" (Faber and Faber) offers a basis for such comparison, for here is a book that grasps life whole, relating it to a comprehensive and illuminating creed and thus dignifying every fact or fancy. In the first chapter, when discussing the nature of poetry, Mr. Chesterton writes that what a man learns from "Romeo and Juliet" is "not to call first love 'calf love'; not to call even fleeting love a flirtation; but to understand that these things, which a million vulgarians have vulgarized, are not vulgar. The great poet exists to show the small man how great he is. A

man does not learn from Hamlet a new method of psychoanalysis, or the proper treatment of lunatics. What he learns is not to despise the soul as small. The great poet is alone strong enough to measure that broken strength we call the weakness of man." At once the reader feels himself in the presence of spaciousness and strength. There is a quality to Mr. Chesterton's mind that can best be described in words that he himself applies to the age of Chaucer: "the sense of a consciousness of the whole problem of the whole people, of community with other countries and the continent as a whole, or the vision of life in the light of a general philosophy." In commenting on Chaucer's serenity in the face of the growing corruption of the world about him, Mr. Chesterton writes: "He leans back easily against the hundred books of Aristotle; like a man in his own home." Similarly, Mr. Chesterton leans back easily against the Christian tradition of Europe, and will not be frightened by the present chaos.

Mr. Chesterton's "Doxy"

IT is amusing to see how the critics enjoy Mr. Chesterton, yet deprecate the very qualities that cause his strength. They patronize what one of them described as his "doxy"—as if the Catholic Church were a product of the Chesterton-Belloc collaboration. They deplore his dragging religion and politics on to every page—as if it were merely a pretence on his part that the world is a little seedy and might benefit by attention to serious subjects. The general attitude appears to be that Mr. Chesterton is up to his old tricks; that it is pleasant to read him, and polite to applaud; but that no Englishman should take such notions seriously. Against the background of this inanity, Mr. Chesterton's question obtrudes itself, "But what of to-morrow?" To-day we have a world in which a critic can write: "Parts of this silent monologue are obscene, as obscene as anything that has ever been written. . . . Imagine their salutary effect

upon those whose education has been sheltered." Or, again: "The gynæcological virtuosity of the section in that book ("Ulysses") dealing with Mina Purefoy's confinement, for example, could only have been written by a student of medicine, and by one who had not missed much of importance concerning childbirth." And the book is published (with a jacket describing Mr. Joyce as the most important living writer); and the Professor of Fine Art at the University of Edinburgh writes an enthusiastic preface; and the critics take it seriously. But they do not take Mr. Chesterton quite seriously. He is too tiresome about his "doxy." Now if it were only anthropology he had on the brain, instead of fifteen hundred years of Europe's history . . . So the dark question returns, "What of to-morrow?"

Marx—Spengler—Chesterton

THERE are only three answers that have plausibility. The first—given by Mr. Middleton Murry in "The Necessity of Communism" (Cape)—is that the doctrines of Karl Marx contain the religion and the salvation of the future. The second—and the most probable to those who are not buoyed by faith—is given by Dr. Spengler: that the great days of the West are over, and that we are on the edge of a long Cæsarian decline. The third answer is Mr. Chesterton's. Since he believes in Free Will, Mr. Chesterton rejects alike the Marxian determinism and the Spenglerian doom. He affirms that Christian civilization need not, indeed shall not, die. And then, to the irritation of his English critics, he points out that there is only one repository of that civilization which is not obviously in the process of dying. "It has had another period of final extinction," he writes, "even since its final extinction at the end of the Middle Ages. It has suffered eclipse in the Enlightenment of the Age of Reason and Revolution; which in their turn begin to look as if they had seen better days. And to-day it stands erect and resurrected; and to right and left of it

the Moslems have stagnated and the Puritans starved." I wonder how much of the pooh-poohing of Mr. Chesterton is the result of his reminding us with tactless clarity that we must defend Christian civilization (really defend it, and not simply admit that it has merit), or else resign ourselves to the future as painted by Marx, or to the future as painted by Spengler, or else discover some new path to salvation. Unwilling to accept one of the first three choices, modern man clings crazily to hope in the fourth. And Mr. Chesterton, who disbelieves in the fourth, has an irritating way of suggesting that inert hope is neither wise nor useful.

"Topical 'Moor'"

UNDER this heading—itself pleasantly symbolic of our culture—the *Daily Express* printed its notice of Mr. Ernest Milton's "Othello." The sub-heading was "Colour-bar Emphasized in Shakespeare." The notice itself contained the following: "As producer he (Mr. Milton) made every man, whenever possible, hammer out the notes of that theme. That was a fine thing to do, for he made the resentment Shakespeare's characters felt when a man of colour married a desirable white girl seem as modern as any recent controversy over the colour-bar. . . . The modern treatment of the play makes it worth a visit." By comparison with such as this, "James Joyce and the Plain Reader" has Aristotelian strength.

SHORT STORY WRITING AND FREE-LANCE JOURNALISM
By SYDNEY A. MOSELEY.
This book is full of practical information and advice which will be of immediate and constant value to every aspirant to successful journalism. "Thoroughly practical.... Not a word is wasted."—*The Times*. Second Edition, 240 pp. **7/6 net.** *of a bookseller or*
SIR ISAAC PITMAN & SONS, LTD., Parker Street, Kingsway, London, W.C.2

Books Recommended

The following is a selected list of books just published or to be published shortly :—

BIOGRAPHY, MEMOIRS.

CHARLOTTE BRONTË. E. F. BENSON. (Longmans. 12s. 6d.)

MEMOIRS, 1909–1919. Vol. III. PRINCE VON BÜLOW. (Putnam. 25s.)

ST. PHILIP NERI. LOUIS PONNELLE and LOUIS BORDET. (Sheed & Ward. 16s.)

METTERNICH. ARTHUR HERMAN. (Unwin. 16s.)

HUNTED. THROUGH CENTRAL ASIA. P. S. NAZAROFF. (Blackwood. 7s. 6d.)

HISTORY.

THE BIRTH OF NATIONS, FROM UNITY OF BELIEF TO THE DEMOCRACY OF GOLD. VALERIO MARCU. (Kegan Paul. 12s. 6d.)

THE PEACEMAKERS, 1814–1815. J. C. LOCKHART. (Duckworth. 15s.)

THE UNITED EMPIRE LOYALISTS. A. G. BRADLEY. (Butterworth. 15s.)

MEXICO : A STUDY OF TWO AMERICAS. DOUGLAS CHASE. (Bodley Head. 12s. 6d.)

CIVILIZATION IN THE UNITED STATES. M. J. BONN. (Unwin. 12s. 6d.)

SPAIN'S UNCERTAIN CROWN. ROBERT SENCOURT. (Benn. 21s.)

RUSSIA AND THE SOVIET UNION IN THE FAR EAST. VICTOR A. YAKHONTOFF. (Unwin. 18s.)

THE MAKING OF THE CORPORATE STATE : A STUDY OF FASCIST DEVELOPMENT. H. E. GOAD. (Christophers. 5s.)

CRITICISM.

FICTION AND THE READING PUBLIC. Q. D. LEAVIS. (Chatto & Windus. 12s. 6d.)

FOUR LECTURES ON SHAKESPEARE. ELLEN TERRY. Edited by CHRISTOPHER ST. JOHN. (Martin Hopkinson. 7s. 6d.)

FICTION.

THE NEEDLE WATCHER. RICHARD BAKER. (Heinemann. 8s. 6d.)

THE END OF MR. DAVIDSON. OLIVER STONER. (Heinemann. 7s. 6d.)

GREEN BONDAGE. FRANCES OGILVIE. (Nicholson & Watson. 7s. 6d.)

THRILLERS.

HAVE HIS CARCASE. DOROTHY SAYERS. (Gollancz. 7s. 6d.)

"All Length is Torture"

By Hugh Kingsmill

THESE words of Antony, after he had stabbed himself, sounded in my head as I battled through Mr. Hugh Walpole's "Judith Paris" (Macmillan, 10s. 6d. net). The effort of turning over the seven hundred and fifty-seven pages gave me reader's cramp; and then, at the foot of the seven hundred and fifty-seventh page, I read: "It is hoped that the third novel in the 'Herries' series—'The Fortress'—will be published in the early autumn of 1932." Hoped!

Mr. Walpole has a real talent for the macabre, for the expression of the emotions felt on the borderland between sanity and the terrors which prey on an overstrained mind. Inanimate objects breathe at him in a sinister way, chairs shake their legs at him and relapse into menacing immobility. After twenty years, the sense of horror he conveyed in "Mr. Perrin and Mr. Traill" is still vivid in my memory. Had he continued in that vein, we might by now have had from him a dozen volumes of short stories as eerie as Poe's. But, however interesting for his readers, a twenty-year sojourn in the land of nightmares might have unnerved Mr. Walpole, and for his own comfort he did well to come out into the light of common day, and occupy himself with unrolling an endless panorama of the private and public life of England in the last two hundred years. To borrow a proud phrase, uttered in my presence by a Glasgow detective who had been asked to investigate a series of small thefts at a Scotch hotel, Mr. Walpole does what can be done by honest endeavour. The private detective, failing to supplement integrity with inspiration, achieved nothing but his fee, and—but the parallel is ungracious. I shrink from elaborating it, and besides, though Mr. Walpole's imaginary characters move rather woodenly, his crowd of historical personages—Walter Scott, Southey, Hartley Coleridge, Talleyrand, Samuel

Rogers, Macaulay, and all the others—are introduced with skill and sketched with fidelity to fact.

There is this also to be said on Mr. Walpole's behalf, that "Judith Paris," its predecessor and its successors (for "The Fortress" will not be the last of the series) may all be read as independent novels, and none of the units of the series covers more than the span of one lifetime. This plea cannot be advanced for Miss Helen Simpson's "Boomerang" (Heinemann, 8s. 6d. net), which begins with the French Revolution and ends with the Battle of the Somme. Ben Jonson said that Shakespeare was for all time. Alfred Austin, more grandly, said that Shakespeare was for all space and time. So, almost, is Miss Simpson, who flickers as brilliantly from continent to continent as from century to century. Her aim seems to be to provide a really substantial background for the modern characters in her story. Yet why begin as late as the French Revolution? Why not begin with the Thirty Years War, or the Crusades, or Charlemagne, or the Punic Wars, or Babylon? Why not plunge still deeper into the roots of existence, and begin with the Neanderthal man? But even this seems a little scrappy. Why not devote the first volume of a modern family chronicle to the gradual cooling of the earth in the æons before life first stirred on the planet?

If life were a self-contained and self-explanatory phenomenon, a kind of Woolworth's Stores, the greatness of a novel would be measured by the amount of information within its covers, and every ambitious novelist would begin at the beginning of things. But as life cannot be explained by cataloguing its contents, imagination is a more valuable quality in a novelist than industry, and a few emotions realized with intensity more illuminating than a tepid glow diffused over a vast panorama.

But the tepid glow is comforting to worn-out nerves, and the solid panorama gives a sense of security to the reader of to-day, harassed by private and public disturbances. He has had enough of intensity, and wants to

wander at peace in worlds where reality is diluted, not concentrated.

This is natural, but does not justify the present opinion that a long novel is necessarily more virtuous than a short one; that a man who writes a long novel is a thoroughly good fellow, who has never heard of Freud; and a man who writes a short novel is a neurotic wretch, who desires merely to give a little air to some of his more discreditable complexes. The real difference between the long novel and the short novel is æsthetic not moral. The long novel is the natural vehicle for incident and description, the short for the development of a single situation. The long novel corresponds to the epic, the short to the play. Isolated incidents in an epic may be as intense as any scene in a drama, but there are long intervals for recuperation. "Paradise Lost" does not harrow the reader like "King Lear," nor "War and Peace" like "Le Curé de Tours," nor "Vanity Fair" like "Manon Lescaut." The taste for long novels is therefore chiefly due to a preference for mild and drawn-out excitement to brief and intense. It is the normal taste of all readers, and in reverting to it the modern reader should not be represented as a prodigal son returning from the cocktails and caviare of the short novel to the fatted calf of the long. Here is no triumph of virtue, either in reader or writer; for the tone of a book depends on the character of its author, not on its length. "Tristram Shandy," in spite of its bulk, is frequently obscene. "The Vicar of Wakefield," though slight, is free from any trace of depravity. "The World of William Clissold," if length were innocence, might have been written before the Fall, and the same author's "The Wheels of Chance," if brevity were sin, might have been written in an opium den. There is more humanity in the few pages of Aldous Huxley's "The Tillotson Banquet" than in the whole of "Point Counter Point." "Cranford" is free from sadism and nightmares. "The Brothers Karamazov" is full of both.

If length does not imply greater virtue than brevity, neither does it imply greater richness. That in art the half is greater than the whole is universally allowed where poetry is concerned. No one would argue that Wordsworth's "Excursion" is as great as his "Solitary Reaper," or Tennyson's "Enoch Arden" equal to his "Ulysses." But when we come to fiction, a volume of six hundred pages extorts unreflecting tributes to the prodigal richness of its perpetrator. People speak rashly of "the giants of old," Dickens, Thackeray, Richardson, without considering that giants are often week-kneed, flaccid, and under-developed in proportion to their size. It is condensation, not prolixity, which enriches imaginative work, and the superiority of the greatest plays to the greatest novels is chiefly due to the fact that the dramatist has to keep his story within the limits imposed by the unwillingness of human beings to sit in a theatre for more than three or, at the most, four hours on end. The number of words in the scenes given to Falstaff, the most massive figure in imaginative literature, would not fill out the briefest of modern novels. Don Quixote falls short of Falstaff as a creation almost in proportion to the greater length with which Cervantes portrays him. In the first twenty-seven chapters of the first part, Don Quixote is fully as great as Falstaff. In the remainder of the first part, his outlines begin to weaken, and in the interminable second part he is hardly more than a conventional figure in a picaresque novel.

The epic, in fact, with all its charm and consoling properties, is inferior to the drama. The long novel is inherently weaker than the short. There are, it is true, more great long novels than great short ones, because writers must adapt themselves to their audience, and length is preferred in an armchair just as brevity is preferred in a theatre. "Hatter's Castle," a really great book, will survive in spite of its prolixity, but the Tay Bridge disaster, the turning of Mary out into the storm, and the death of Mrs. Brodie, three of the greatest scenes

in fiction, would make an even deeper impression if they were half the length. "The Good Companions" is a deliberately picaresque novel, and to lament its lack of brevity may seem like complaining that in "Pickwick" Dickens ruined a superb subject for a Maupassant short story. None the less, there is a drop in interest and inspiration after the magnificent opening. Oakroyd, a great character, is submerged in a crowd of lesser persons. Drama is lost in narrative.

In Mr. Louis Golding's "Magnolia Street" everything is lost in narrative. The book reads like a summary of an inconceivably elongated novel patiently composed during the last seventy years of a centenarian's life. "His brother, Charles, had a hare-lip, but a forehead of great beauty." That is all the space Mr. Golding can afford in his précis to a character who, in the original novel, was doubtless a figure of blended pathos and distinction. We wish that Mr. Golding, who is not unduly prolix by nature, and all other novelists who have been rewarded by the public for long-windedness, would now set themselves to inspiring their readers with a taste for brevity.

Cockpit of Asia

MANCHURIA: THE COCKPIT OF ASIA. By COLONEL P. T. ETHERTON and H. H. TILTMAN. (Jarrolds. 12s. 6d.)

ON a printed slip attached to the advance copies of this book, the publishers announced that it was "hot from the press"; moreover, they explain that, in view of the intense public interest in the subject, its publication date had been advanced and the index necessarily omitted. The book itself bears strong internal evidence of an almost unseemly haste to catch the tide of this public interest at the flood; its authors have evidently not had time to collate and marshall their facts with the care which the

importance of the subject demands. Their material is loosely and hurriedly handled, with the result that the work lacks cohesion and continuity of argument, and the reader finds it difficult to extricate from it any definite or authoritative conclusions. By their former writings the authors have given proof that they are capable of much better work than this; it is therefore all the more regrettable that, in their haste, they should thus have produced a book which fails to do them, or their subject, justice. Had the useful materials at their disposal been more fully digested, had their facts and figures been more carefully checked, their work might well have fulfilled its purpose of enabling the British public to form an informed opinion on the "most burning question of the hour." As it is, its many inaccuracies, repetitions and inconsistencies seriously diminish its value for students of the Manchurian situation. It should not have been possible, for example, for the authors to reproduce sixteen pages of the notorious "Tanaka Memorial" as an authoritative revelation of Japan's policy in that region, without mentioning the fact that the authenticity of the document in question has never been recognized by responsible opinion in this country, that it has been continually used during the past two years for the purposes of China's officially-directed propaganda, and that it has been formally repudiated as a forgery by the Japanese Government.

Furthermore, no work can claim to give "the whole story of Manchuria," which fails to take into account the vitally important fact (never faced at Geneva) that most of the "special interests" which Japan claims by virtue of formal agreements in those provinces, have been acquired since the date of the Treaty of Portsmouth, as the result of the venal complaisance of high Chinese officials, including a Minister of Finance. The fact is undeniable; it lies at the very root of the Manchurian question and manifests itself, even at this critical juncture, in the creation of the machinery and Chinese *personnel* of a "Manchurian Republic," independent of Nanking, under Japanese auspices.

J. O. P. BLAND.

EUROPE AND CHINA. By G. F. HUDSON. (Arnold. 15s.)

MR. HUDSON'S panoramic survey of the history of cultural relations between Europe and China is the finished work of a scholar who is also something of a speculative philosopher, with a keen eye for the dramatic and romantic elements in the pageant

of the centuries. It presents the admirably condensed results of a wide range of learned research, covering the history of Europe's direct relations with Far Cathay, from the earliest annals of recorded time down to the end of the eighteenth century, when, as he observes, " the two worlds of culture confronted each other, intact and on approximately equal terms."

It is not possible, in the brief space of this review, to do anything like justice to the masterly discrimination which Mr. Hudson displays in the selection and arrangement of his materials, and to the absorbing interest of his work. Whether he is describing the earliest embassies of the Han Emperors to Ferghana, and the campaigns which subsequently brought China's victorious armies into regions west of the Pamirs; Rome's traffics and discoveries by sea and the first use of the monsoons by her merchants in the first century; the wonderful history of the great overland trade, which supplied the patricians of Rome with silk, from the third to the sixth century; the conquests of Chingiz Khan in the thirteenth century, which established the *Pax Tatarica* from the Pacific to the Black Sea; the memorable epics of the Genoese and Portuguese navigators, who opened up new seaways to the Far East, first by way of Africa and then by Mexico; or the record of the Jesuit Missions at Peking, from the sixteenth to the eighteenth century, his narrative is of fascinating interest.

The first, and probably the most lasting, impression which this story of 2,000 years leaves in the mind of the reader, is that, until the discovery of scientific navigation in the fourteenth century had established permanent direct intercourse by an all-sea route, such cultural contacts as were made, at various periods, between China and Europe, were the result either of individual exploits (such as that of the Polos), rare military adventures, or spasmodically lucrative commercial enterprise. The feature which stands out most clearly from Mr. Hudson's panorama, up to the time of the capture of Malacca by the Portuguese in 1511, is the invincibility of the great mountain ranges and deserts of Central Asia, as barriers to human intercourse.

From his survey of the cultural contacts established by the Jesuit Missions at Peking, and the influence (largely due to them) of Chinese ideas on eighteenth-century Europe, Mr. Hudson draws the conclusion that " the ordinary educated public was better informed about China at that period than it was, in spite of the advances made in specialized sinological scholarship, in the nineteenth." It is a conclusion which gives food for thought,

and which loses nothing of its pertinence, when one reflects that, since the nineteenth century, our knowledge of things Chinese has become increasingly distorted and confused, as the result of the persistent misrepresentations of Kuomintang propaganda, conducted on Bolshevik principles.

J. O. P. BLAND.

The Complete Whig

SIR GEORGE OTTO TREVELYAN, O.M. A Memoir by GEORGE MACAULAY TREVELYAN, O.M. (Longmans, Green & Co., Ltd. 12s. 6d.)

As an example of biography this Memoir could hardly be better. The author's name is sufficient guarantee of the style in which it is written. It is admirably concise—153 pages, excluding the few excerpts from letters and Sir George's two short Cambridge literary indiscretions added at the end—and yet it gives a picture of the personality and surroundings of its subject so alive and detailed that anybody who wishes to know something of the intellectual life at Cambridge in the 'sixties, to recapture in general the flavour of the more serious aristocratic activities in nineteenth-century England, will find a great deal of value in these few pages. As a monument of *pietas*, moreover, sincere but never exaggerated to the point of adulation, this biography of a father by a son is a fine performance.

Perhaps the outstanding characteristic of the book is its concentrated Englishness; neither the subject nor the author, alike as regards their personalities and their approach to life, could possibly be found outside this island. The upbringing of Sir George and his Cambridge career in particular remain typical of a period when England was utterly unlike any other country in the world. This, in a sense, it is still; but it was so in a far greater degree when the predominance of the class to which Sir George belonged remained unquestioned. How can any foreigner understand these earnest-minded young aristocrats, their pleasures ranging from shooting or fox-hunting, on the one hand, to intense classical scholarship on the other? How shall he reconcile the incompatability of their sincere enthusiasm for every manifestation of Liberalism with their calm assumption of power and privilege as natural rights? The England of George, needless to say, is a very different place from the England of Victoria; but,

on the principle, favoured by psychologists, of examining a phenomenon in its most extreme form in order the better to appreciate its basic attributes, an understanding of the latter is the best possible introduction to a realization of the former. England remains always illogical, always contradictory, in reason usually Liberal, in instinct invariably Conservative . . . wholly consistent only in inconsistency and a very striking many-faceted individuality.

Still it is not necessary to be a foreigner to marvel somewhat at the idiosyncrasies of that Whiggery of which Sir George Trevelyan was, I take it, a typical exponent. It strikes one, for instance, as more than usually anomalous that a man who entered Parliament by the simple expedient of buying (temporarily) an estate should have been a prime mover in abolishing the system of Commission by purchase in the army! That this believer in theoretical democracy should, in his Cambridge days, write lines such as :—

> When an ass
> Of the lowest class
> Talks of " the pictured page of Livy "

even though the first two lines were subsequently changed to :—

> When a man
> Who can hardly scan

The angle is altered, but the arrogance remains the same.

The fact is that these Whigs were fundamentally arrogant and so remained. They could not well have been further removed from the masses for whose welfare they professed such enthusiasm; they were far further removed in fact than their Tory equivalents, who at least shared some of the tastes of the people. For my part I cannot help feeling that it is, in fact, this arrogance which supplies the key to the psychological problem. The Whigs were so sure of their own superiority that it never even occurred to them that this Liberalism or Radicalism might eventually prove dangerous. Their indulgence in reforms of every kind betrayed much the same spirit as that in which a rich man throws money to a beggar. It gave them a pleasurable feeling of benevolence. Sometimes, I fear, in view of the predominant Evangelical strain, of self-righteousness. At other times, perhaps, as when Sir George's father signalized his arrival in India as a young man by an immediate and successful attack on the financial integrity of his chief, of both feelings combined with a sense of adventure.

The fact that some of us appreciate their private virtues as cultured, agreeable people, with individualities delightfully developed, often on the most original lines, cannot alter the fact that they opened the door to many of the dangers which now threaten to submerge us. For this they should not, I think, be harshly blamed. *Tempora mutantur.* There must, I suppose, be Kerenskys, and they do not always lead to a Lenin.

Nevertheless, the practical result of their pathetic belief in "progress" and "reform" cannot be lightly dismissed. Take India, for instance. It may be doubted whether any two persons, despite their excellent intentions and what appeared to be the equity of their actions, ever did more damage to British interests than Sir Charles Trevelyan and Lord Macaulay, respectively the "grandfather" and the "Uncle Tom" of these pages. The first by heading an agitation for the opening of the Civil Service to competitive examination was responsible for that eventual lowering of social quality in the Indian Civil Service which, according to many competent observers, is largely responsible for the decline of our prestige; the second, far more guilty, is the father of that Europeanized system of education which has produced the Babu, the Indian who has lost the virtues of his race and tradition without having been able to assimilate the sterner qualities of a culture that must always remain alien to him. What a record for one family!

FRANCIS TOYE.

The Last Crusader

SOBIESKI, KING OF POLAND. By J. B. MORTON. (Eyre and Spottiswoode. 10s. 6d.)

IN undertaking to write an English Life of the last great soldier-king of Poland, Mr. Morton was confronting an extremely difficult task. The multitudinous persons and places are nearly all of them entirely unknown to the ordinary English reader, and their names do not help us to memorize and distinguish them. Moreover, though the places stand still (at least one supposes they do), the persons are mobile to the point of exasperation, rushing hither and thither, changing sides, playing patriot and playing traitor without either rhyme or apparent reason. Carlyle once dismissed Polish history as "all confused glitter and anarchic

noise," and perhaps we may adapt to our purpose the lines of another eminent Victorian :—

> It was fighting, fighting all the way
> With —ovskis mixed in our path like mad.

In fact, this book, just because it is a learned and conscientious record of obscure and remote events, is by no means easy reading. None the less, it is worth the trouble which it demands; it is the record of a great man, a great victory, and a great tragedy. The man was Sobieski, the victory was the overthrow of the Turkish forces besieging Vienna in 1683, the tragedy was the demoralization and ruin of Poland. Sobieski saved the capital of the Holy Roman Empire, when the Hapsburg poltroon who ruled that Empire had run away into Germany; he rolled back the last great wave of Islamic aggression from the central plains of Europe (and got small thanks for so doing); but his own country he could not save. The moral and political rottenness of the Polish aristocracy was too much for him.

John Sobieski was, roughly speaking, a contemporary of our own Charles II and of Louis XIV. He started fighting in about 1650 and went on at it steadily for forty years, being elected King of Poland about half-way through this period. One great event—the Turkish advance on Vienna, the siege, Sobieski's crusade, and the rolling back of the Turks—stands out as of permanent and European significance; it occupies one-third of Mr. Morton's pages. The rest is just fighting, fighting, fighting—against Swedes, against Prussians, against Cossacks, against Tartars, and (of course) against rebel factions of the Poles. For rebellion was endemic among the Polish nobility; it was an accepted national institution, like His Majesty's Opposition in the House of Commons. There is no doubt at all that Sobieski was an exceedingly good soldier, the more so as he could never count upon the possession of a sound professional army. His achievements were comparable with those of Charles XII of Sweden and his difficulties with those of George Washington. Of his statesmanship it is more difficult to speak with confidence. Mr. Morton takes a favourable view and presents him as almost continuously enlightened and patriotic; other writers have taken a much less favourable view, and there are very few people in England who know enough about the subject to have an authoritative opinion.

One of the features of Mr. Morton's book is his liberal quotations from Sobieski's letters to his wife. This wife was a French

woman, and apparently a nagging and querulous intriguer; but Sobieski gave her all his heart, and wrote her long letters, full of domestic endearments and military details, whenever he was away on his campaigns. We have thirty of these long letters written during the Vienna campaign. They were accidentally discovered in 1823, and Mr. Morton is apparently the first person to make extensive portions of them available in English.

In conclusion, Mr. Morton would have us bear in mind that there is a moral to this story of old unhappy, far-off things and battles long ago. It is that Poland is predestined by history and geography to be the shield of our civilization against the enemy without—whether Turk or Tartar or Communist; and that the inspiration of Sobieski, as of modern Poland, is to be found in devotion to the Catholic Faith.

D. C. SOMERVELL.

The Twain Shall Meet

HINDOO HOLIDAY. By J. R. ACKERLEY. (Chatto and Windus. 8s. 6d.)

MR. KIPLING'S notorious aphorism has been given the lie, for in Mr. Ackerley's record of his service as private secretary without portfolio in the employment of the Maharajah of Chokrapur, East and West are shown inextricably mingled in a medley that reminds the observer of a fantasy by Rex Whistler. And Mr. Ackerley's record is given in a diary form so naïvely simple that one might almost be deceived into thinking this astonishing artistry to be unconscious. But such choice of significant irrelevancies could be made only by an artist possessing remarkable skill. The wild, hilarious absurdities of this Maharajah's court, the personalities of his officials, and the crude solidity of the Anglo-English impinging occasionally on the outskirts of this Lewis Carroll fairyland, are pictured in a profusion of local colour. Perhaps the personality which shows most clearly through the texture of the picture is that of the author, a sympathetic sceptic, full of understanding, and truly civilized because able to appreciate and respect conventions foreign to him. Even for the people who might have made life intolerable for him—some of the English women, for instance—Mr. Ackerley has a kind of witty and devastating affection, and he dissolves their unpleasantness in his silent laughter.

As for the Maharajah, nothing quite like him has ever lived before inside or outside a book, unless it be the Mad Hatter. He is a wizened little figure, with pearls in his ears and yellow beads of paint down the side of his nose; given to uncontrollable mirth and superstitions, with a purely æsthetic delight in little dancing boys, one of whom he calls Napoleon III. He had no need for Mr. Ackerley's services. He merely wanted someone to love him, and to explain whether or not God existed, whether Marie Corelli was a great writer, whether Herbert Spencer or J. H. Lewes was "right," and why ruins are beautiful, and whether "beauty is the cloak of God." He also wanted assistance in making his court resemble that of the Greek and Roman emperors. In order to have luck in this effort he took Mr. Ackerley out driving in his Sunbeam car, searching his realm for a mongoose. For to see a mongoose was a good omen. Mr. Ackerley also helped him considerably in evading the portents of his horoscope, which had caused him much annoyance. But in spite of his childishness and unreliability, he is shown by Mr. Ackerley to be an innocent-hearted despot, and a very good antidote to the heavy efficiency of the Western world. So, indeed, are all the other members of that mad court. The author evokes them by some personal magic, so that they move round him, shy and inscrutable, yet by his sympathy able at last to meet the West.

As an example of Mr. Ackerley's ability in creating this picture, here is a short piece of descriptive writing:

> It was clearly a funeral pyre. The charred skull of the corpse, which was towards me, was split open, for it is customary, I believe, to break the skull of the dead when the body is being consumed, so that the soul may have its exit; and curving out of the centre of the pile, like wings, were the blackened ribs which, released by the heat, had sprung away from the vertebræ. In all directions I noticed the remains of earlier cremations. As I returned home I passed the other fire and saw that the two Indians had just finished and were disappearing among the bushes; but their place had already been taken by two evil-looking vultures with yellow beaks which were picking scraps from among the extinct and smokeless ashes.

RICHARD CHURCH.